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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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Page 2

MORE CLEANER FOR LESS MONEY



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 11, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 24

HOW TIDY ARE YOU?

RECENTLY a woman complained that when she took visitors to see some much-vaunted beauty spots they found merely "one rubbish dump after another."

Such protests are often made. Rubbish-dumping isn't confined to scenic drives. Judged on the evidence it seems that the average person's attitude is: Here's a nice clean beach (or camp site, or picnic ground, or street). Let's see how we can spoil it.

This isn't so, of course. People are merely being selfish and heedless when they scatter their jam tins and paper bags and orange peel. They jettison unwanted household goods by bush roadsides because they won't take the trouble to dispose of them in the proper way.

A remedy once adopted in a European city was to empower minor government officials to fine anyone who dropped rubbish—a used tram ticket, for instance—in the street.

On the spot the official could demand the equivalent of 2/- for which a receipt was given before the offender passed on his way.

This is a first-rate plan for teaching a civic lesson to recalcitrant adults. But one hesitates to advocate it because there are too many controls and petty authorities already.

The real remedy is in everyone's hands—to be tidy oneself. When tidiness has been acquired personally and individually, it takes effect collectively.

A life of glamor and thrills under the Big Top

Book review by
AINSLIE BAKER

THERE is no need to be a circus fan to enjoy "The Big Top," the story of Fred Bradna's forty years with America's most famous circus.

The specialist's job is always interesting, and Bradna, as equestrian director of "The Greatest Show on Earth," was very much the specialist.

A ringmaster, he says firmly, "is merely a monitor who whips horses into maintaining an even gait during equestrian acrobatic routines."

It was Bradna who, with his silver whistle, controlled the entire complicated mechanism at each of the two-hours-and-20-minutes shows given in the 400 towns visited each year.

A severe change in weather, Bradna says, is a circus' greatest worry. It can lead to stampeding animals, audience panic, and even the dreaded "blow down" of the tent.

Several times during each performance Bradna would go outside to look at the weather and listen to the animals. If the signs were disquieting, he would give the signal for the "Quick Show"—the performance designed to cut each act to its minimum and to get the crowd safely out before the storm broke.

"Contrary to popular belief," Bradna says, "very few stars deliberately fault a performance to make the act look difficult, then try again and succeed."

Trainers who were cruel to their performing animals seldom had many friends.

There is a fascinating chapter on the great European clown tradition, with its rigid canons of deportment, style, dress, and make-up, and its three classic forms within which all clowns work.

Many star circus names known to the older Aus-

Our cover:

● Michael O'Neil, of Strathfield, N.S.W., has a good pal in his Great Dane, Duke. Douglass Baglin took the picture, catching Michael in a thoughtful mood.

This week:

● A green carpet of banana leaves covered the track to a native village, near Lae, New Guinea, in honor of the visit of the Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, who arrived at the village after the dedication of Lae War Cemetery. The entrance to the village was decked with tropical shrubs and flowers. The natives wore their best lap-laps and their faces shone with delight. Sir William was preceded down the track by two dancing sing-sing men in ceremonial dress and he was greeted by a shell band playing "God Save the Queen." Pictures of the cemetery and one of the band and of the Governor-General at the village are in this issue.

● You will find the Christmas Gifts we talked about last week illustrated in color on the two centre pages of the paper.

Next week:

● Planning a summer holiday? Next week we will tell you about some of Australia's outstanding holiday spots and give you 30 tips on how to have an enjoyable time.

● The first of a further series of articles by Margaret Saville on the Queen's life will appear. Miss Saville is well known to our readers for the delightful series we published earlier in the year on the home life of the Queen. Although she must traverse ground covered earlier, Miss Saville has the knack of imparting fresh interest as well as bringing to light little known facts.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 11, 1953

The Spring of Love

Concluding our romantic serial

By FAITH BALDWIN

MONICA began to cry, in long, shuddering sobs. Some time later, Hilary put her in a chair. His face was haggard as he said to Anne, "I'll get the car, and we'll take her home. What a thing to happen! Don't leave her for a second—don't let her fall asleep."

The door slammed. Anne stood looking down at Monica. Had this happened because of Philip? Did Monica want him back and had he turned her down? She must always have known Hilary... considered him one of the family.

It didn't make sense. Or did it?

Monica said weakly, "I feel terrible. I need a drink. Who are you, anyway?"

Anne said quickly, "I'm one of Dr. Duncan's nurses, Mrs. Lambert. He'll be back in a moment to take you home."

"I want to stay here. You seem to know me, but I don't know you. One of his nurses? Ten a penny! Does his wife know about you? She doesn't know about me—this time. She will... who cares?"

Her head fell forward. Anne slapped her cheeks briskly.

"You must not sleep," she said, and poured out some black coffee. "Now, drink this."

Monica tried to push the cup away.

"Leave me alone," she said. "Where's Hilary? I want Hilary." She began to cry. "He doesn't want me any more."

At that moment he came back into the room. Anne looked at him with shocked eyes. They couldn't be true, these things Monica had said about him... could they?

Monica raised her heavy lids and looked at Hilary.

"I gave you a lot of trouble, I hope," she said viciously.

Hilary surveyed her coolly. He said to Anne, "We'll get her dressed and down to the car without anybody seeing—with luck."

Luck was with him. The three of them descended to Hilary's car unseen. Anne got into the back seat with Monica and they drove off to Curzon Street.

Presently, Hilary said, "She'll be all right. Her maid is good—discreet. Used to be with her mother."

"I don't want to go home," said Monica. Hilary ignored this.

A buxom, concerned maid admitted them to the first-floor flat.

"Whatever's happened?" she demanded, taking the sick woman into her capable arms. "Has she been drinking gin again, Doctor?"

"I was trying to persuade—or bribe—Anne to give evidence for me in my divorce case," Cornelia told Philip abruptly.

PRETTY nurse ANNE EMERSON is dismayed when DR. HILARY DUNCAN asks her to nurse MRS. ELIZABETH CLARK, aunt of his wife, CORNELIA. Although she knows Hilary and Cornelia have separated, she is fighting her growing love for him, and hesitates to take a case which will bring her constantly into contact with him.

Agreeing finally to take the case, Anne goes to stay at Mrs. Clark's London home where she lives with her son PHILIP. Mrs. Clark proves to be a difficult, domineering woman who, soon after their first meeting, infuriates Anne by warning her not to "make eyes" at Philip or Hilary.

Anne becomes friendly with Philip. She learns that Mrs. Clark was responsible for the breaking of his engagement to MONICA LAMBERT, while on one occasion Mrs. Clark works herself up so badly after learning that Philip has been out with Monica that she brings on a heart attack.

On Anne's day off some time later, Hilary telephones her to come to his flat for an urgent case. She helps him to revive a badly drugged young woman, then learns that it is Monica. NOW READ ON:

You shouldn't let her—she never could take it. She knows it, too."

"Get her to bed, Alice," said Hilary. "She'll be all right."

Anne stayed in the bedroom while Alice put Monica to bed, her big hands gentle. The room was bright with color; rose-red, with white rugs, long-legged dolls, a vast array of perfumes and cosmetics.

Hilary went into the pink tiled bathroom, returned with a bottle in his hand.

He said to Alice, "I'm taking this with me."

The maid nodded. "Yes, Doctor—she takes too much of that stuff, anyway."

Monica said, "Are those my sleeping pills, Hilary?"

"Yes," he said. "Heaven knows where you got them. You'll sleep now, like a baby. I'll see you tomorrow."

It was safe now to leave her, cleansed, weak, and drowsy; she would sleep naturally.

Outside, light December snow was falling. Hilary said, "Thanks, Anne. There was no one I could trust but you. You must be starved. It's after nine."

"I seem to have lost my appetite."

"Come back with me. We'll have some coffee and scramble the eggs a patient kindly

sent me from the country... Heavens, I'm exhausted."

She went back with him, drained of emotion, but feeling she must see this sordid affair through to the end.

While he made fresh coffee she tidied the bedroom and bathroom.

Later, as they drank the coffee, Anne said soberly, "I think you owe me an explanation about tonight."

"Perhaps." He looked uneasy, like a guilty small boy. "Well, you've gathered that our patient is Monica Lambert—Philip's ex-fiancee, now the ex-Mrs. Lambert?"

So there had been a divorce! "Yes."

"She came to me as a patient—I sent her

elsewhere. She's physically well enough, but neurotic. She drinks too much. I've seen her occasionally—she's a very attractive woman in normal circumstances. Do you know her background?"

"No."

"Good family—but no money. She did some modelling, tried the stage for a time, but wouldn't work at it, and became mixed up with a very fast crowd. Philip fell in love with her, and Aunt Elizabeth, abetted by my dear wife, broke it up. She married this bloke Lambert—he got himself into trouble with the Army about dud cheques—and they

To page 45

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE



A Simple Act of

JUSTICE

by Jerome Weidman

H AZEN said, "I didn't say you're unreasonable. I said it's unreasonable of me to expect you to understand."

His wife, leaning across the breakfast table with the percolator, gave him an amused glance.

"Darling," Nancy said pleasantly. "It's just too early in the morning for us to split hairs."

Hazen wished, as he nodded his thanks for the coffee, that Nancy had not decided to be amused by the situation. It gave him no excuse to grow angry. And Hazen felt that, after what he had gone through during the past twelve days, the chance to ease the tension by growing angry would do him good.

"I'm not splitting hairs," he said. "I'm merely stating facts. This dinner for tonight was arranged by G.G. himself. G.G. said no wives. G.G. said the guests would be absolutely limited to eighteen. G.G. said that number included himself and Lord Edgeworth. G.G. said the figure could not be changed, because that's as many people as the private dining-room at The Swindon Club can possibly hold. G.G. said—I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing," Nancy said. "I was just wondering whether anyone noticed a white light, coming from a mysterious source, playing about G.G.'s brow while he was saying all that."

In spite of his desire to grow angry, Hazen found himself forcing back a rueful smile. Grover Grange, who was always identified by his staff as G.G., was the publishing genius who had founded, and ruled with an iron hand, the empire of fabulously successful magazines known to the world at large as Universe, Inc.

There were times when Hazen, like his wife, felt uneasily that G.G. had taken on a disturbing number of characteristics that people usually attribute to divinity.

"I wouldn't know about mysterious white lights," Hazen said, as he reached for the cream. "All I know is that G.G. put the whole thing in a memorandum, on his own private stationery, twelve days ago, that the memorandum was sent up to me, and that it's a matter of simple arithmetic. Lord Edgeworth, the guest of honor, and G.G. himself add up to two. If you deduct them from the number eighteen, you're left with sixteen."

"Our last Executive Census indicated that Universe, Inc. now has two hundred and eighty-six staff members who fall in Upper Echelon, Category A. Every one of those two hundred and eighty-six people feels that he or she has had something to do with making the serialisation of Lord Edgeworth's war memoirs the smashing journalistic success it has been."

"As a result, every single one of those two hundred and eighty-six people feels that he or she has a right to be sitting in one of those sixteen chairs in The Swindon Club's private dining-room tonight."

Hazen, staring at his coffee cup, drew a deep, weary breath. "I must say I find it difficult to disagree with any of them," he said.

"And, Nancy," he added, "it's all very well for you to consider that amusing."

You don't work for Universe, Inc. The Assistant Senior Executive Managing Editor, who happens to be your husband, does. And after what he's gone through during the past twelve days the Assistant Senior Executive Managing Editor would like to state emphatically that he does not find it amusing at all.

"Neither does his wife," Nancy said. She smiled, reached over, and took the silver jug from Hazen's suspended hand. She poured a dollop of cream into his second cup of coffee.

"It's just that I never realised your duties as Assistant Senior Executive Managing Editor included supervising the seating arrangements for G.G.'s private little dinner affairs."

"I didn't know it either," Hazen said, and he wished he didn't sound so worried. "Until twelve days ago, anyway." He glanced at his wrist-watch and took a hasty gulp of coffee. "I suppose it must be attributed to what that Executive Census report called the 'Accelerative Complexity of Healthy Growth.'"

Hazen set down his cup and stood up. "After eighteen years with Universe, Inc., two of them as Assistant Senior Executive Managing Editor, I keep discovering new areas of responsibility every day. Darling, I'm late. I've got to run."

"I know," Nancy said. "Before you do I might as well break down and confess that maybe I am just a little bit unreasonable, after all. I'm certainly more than just a little bit jealous. While I'm sitting here in Scarsdale with my knitting tonight you'll be dining with the greatest man the twentieth century has produced."

"I'm sorry," Hazen said. "I wish you were coming along, but G.G. said no wives. Or did I happen to mention that to you?"

"You did," Nancy said. She laughed as she adjusted the knot in Hazen's tie.

"The fact that you'll be sharing a steak with Lord Edgeworth makes me all over gooseflesh with pride. It will give me something, besides your annuities and retirement pension, to pass on to our grandchildren, and I hope the noisy little lugs will grow up with enough sense to appreciate it. Will you do something for me, darling?"

"Of course," Hazen said. "What?"

"Will you pay close attention to every word His Lordship says?" Nancy said. "I'll expect you to repeat each syllable for me when you get home."

"Don't worry," Hazen said, as he kissed her. "I will."

"I can't help worrying," Nancy said. "I'm sure G.G. will be sounding off, as usual, and I'm afraid all of you will be hanging on his words, also as usual, instead of listening to Lord Edgeworth. I think, just this once, anyway, you can afford to forget G.G. Tonight, darling, you are going to have a ringside seat at a moment of history."

This, it seemed to Hazen, was no exaggeration. On the 8.47, as he tried to put his mind on the still unsolved problem that had been bothering him for twelve days, Hazen became newly aware of the accuracy of Nancy's statement.

Most of the regulars around him were talking about Lord Edgeworth's visit to America. And, dominating the front page of Hazen's morning paper, was a picture of the smiling, pugnacious, impressive face that was known in every corner of the globe. The caption beneath the picture read:

Distinguished war leader, whose personal history of "The Second World War" had been appearing serially for the past three months in "Universe" Magazine and its affiliated publications throughout the world, arrives today on board the Queen Elizabeth. Lord Edgeworth's memoirs, which will be published in book form in this country tomorrow under the title, "The Ordeal of Freedom," have been hailed as one of the superb historical works of all time.

Lord Edgeworth, who was a famous historian long before the recent conflict brought him to the forefront of the world's stage as a great figure of history, will embark next Thursday on a nationwide lecture tour. During his stay in New York, Lord Edgeworth will be the house guest of Mr. Grover Grange, editor-in-chief of "Universe" and president of Universe, Inc.

Hazen, who had spent so many of his forty-two years writing and editing precisely this sort of caption, looked up from his morning paper with a small sense of shock. For once it seemed to Hazen that the enthusiastic words stated no more than the simple truth.

Looking around him at his fellow travellers on the 8.47 and listening to their conversation, Hazen realised what he had almost forgotten during his twelve days of absorption in a minor aspect of a truly great event.

It didn't really matter what people said about Universe, Inc. or about Grover Grange. It didn't even matter that what a great many people said about both was far from complimentary. What did matter, Hazen realised, was the fact of accomplishment.

Every magazine, every newspaper, every syndicate in the world had wanted and had tried to get Lord Edgeworth's memoirs. But G.G. had flown over in person and had got them.

Every magazine, every newspaper, every syndicate in the world had said it was impossible to meet Lord Edgeworth's stipulation: The sixty thousand words that were all he would allow to be extracted for magazine and newspaper serialisation must retain the spirit of his entire manuscript of almost a million words. But Universe, Inc. had done it.

"I asked the impossible, and you gave it me in full measure," Lord Edgeworth had cabled to G.G. last week. "Please accept my heartiest congratulations, and convey my deep gratitude to your staff on an impressive journalistic achievement."

It was at least that. And Hazen now saw that possibly it was even more. The world had a tendency to forget. This one time, however, Universe, Inc., and G.G., in spite of the harsh things competitors were fond of saying about both, had done their part in helping the world to remember.

Glancing down at the joyous, in-



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Hazen stared at the young nervous man, but Miss Maitland said snappily, "Now just you turn around, Mr. Hooper, and march yourself off."

domitable face on the front page of his morning paper, Hazen became newly aware that he, too, had been helped by Universe, Inc. to remember.

In the not-so-long-ago time of despair, when forces of aggression were rolling forward unchecked, when new barbarians were sweeping all of civilisation to the brink of darkness, a single voice had not despaired.

The words that had come from that jovous, indomitable figure had by their courage and defiance, by their truth and sheer brilliance, first rallied a nation, then a continent, and finally a world. The world had risen to its feet and turned on its enemies. With that great voice in the van, the world had won.

The fact that Hazen, a husband and father, was still able, half a dozen years later, to take the 8.47 to his office was in some measure due to that legendary figure named Lord Edgeworth, whom neither Hazen nor any of his fellow season-ticket holders on the 8.47 had ever seen.

It was something to remember. It was something to be part of the organisation that helped the world to remember. And it was something to know that because eighteen years of hard work had placed you high in the ranks of that organisation, you were about to be accorded the rare privilege of, as Nancy had put it, occupying a ringside seat at a moment of history.

Hazen's glow of pride warmed him all the way to Grand Central, and then across town to the "Universe" Building on Sixth Avenue. In the black marble and bronze lobby, which G.G. had designed himself to resemble the nave of St. Paul's, Hazen's glow of pride vanished abruptly.

A stocky man, standing near the information booth, looked up from a folded newspaper, which he had clearly not been reading. His eyes met Hazen's.

Before Hazen could duck, the stocky man had stepped forward and deftly seized Hazen's arm.

"All right," Mr. Terence Work said firmly. "Do I or don't I?"

"Terry, look," Hazen said desperately. "I can't say yet."

"And why not?" Mr. Terence Work said. "I'm the Director of Senior Associate Editors. Every ounce of my blood that has not been poured, during the past twelve years, into the cement on which G.G.'s mighty journalistic empire now rests has been poured into Lord Edgeworth's memoirs during the past three months. Do I sit in one of those sixteen chairs at The Swindon Club tonight or don't I?"

"I wish you'd quit kidding," Hazen said. "This is no joke to me."

"I'm not kidding, and this is no joke to me, either," Mr. Terence Work said. "It's a matter of simple decency. I've earned the right to occupy one of those sixteen seats."

"So have the two hundred and eighty-six other people in Upper Echelon, Category A," Hazen said. "It's not up to me, Terry. I'm just the mug who's

To page 62

ILLUSTRATED
BY
BROADHURST

Introducing from America . . .

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Mr. Parmenter's astonished head appeared in the frame made by George's fingers.

Drop that Head

A short story complete on this page

By JOHN CLARE

STANDING at the kitchen window, looking down the sun-splashed garden at his wife talking to her friend, Mr. Parmenter, from next door, George Davidson gloomily made a mental check mark against an earlier observation: life in the new house out here in Briarcrest certainly agreed with Debbie.

He took a sip from the glass of cold water he had just drawn from the tap. What he was seeing here in the fullness of spring was the flowering of great talent, indeed a whole clump of talents, in his pretty young wife.

He was seeing, too, the dawn of the day against which she had clipped all those magazines thick with diagrams and dream houses in four colors.

Here in this bright new world, 120 x 90, his pretty young wife was blooming like the flowers she had planted last October when they moved here from their city flat.

George drank deeply and wished they had never left it. There, where the only sunlight came as a brief bonus thrust at them through a slit in the city's battlements and was quickly plucked away, Debbie may have languished a little; she may have yearned a little for the pungent smell of burning leaves in the autumn and fresh loam in spring, but at least his secret had been secure.

George leaned slightly forward. Debbie was gesturing largely now with slim brown arms. Old Parmenter was nodding. She was probably making a speech about shrubs.

George sighed deeply. Now they all knew—Parmenter, Fraley from the other side, that man Dawlish down the street, and all the rest of this busy Briarcrest crowd who seemed to combine every talent from stonecutting to glass-blowing. They knew that George couldn't do anything.

They knew that as a craftsman, or even as a handyman, George Davidson would never be any more

than the man standing nearby you to put his finger on a knot.

As Debbie, in her element at last, had grown in stature and local reputation, George, it seemed, had diminished. Of course, he had contributed to his own diminution. It had probably started with his remark on the train that morning before Christmas, when some of the men were discussing gifts, that he was going to give his wife a power saw.

And there was the time last winter when Fraley had come to the house to ask Debbie's advice on a coffee table he was making. George had come to the door in his smoking jacket, with a book under his arm.

Fraley had looked at him with those slightly bulging eyes, as though George had sent his wife out to chop the winter's wood, when he told him she was in the workshop in the garden. When he had explained further, with a nervous laugh, that Debbie was stripping the chest of drawers, Fraley had not smiled.

Oh, they all knew. Debbie knew, too, of course. But she also knew that all they had in common was love. She shared his present knowledge that no begonia—not even a tuberous one—would come between them. But how long would this knowledge be proof against the neighbors when they paused at their tasks to nod in the direction of the house as though George were something she had found under a log?

Would this be enough when young Roddie was old enough to notice that when there was an electric fixture to be wired it was always his mother who held the screwdriver and his father who held the stool on which she stood?

That incident in the garden just a little while ago had sown the dark seed of this mood which was now taking root in George's troubled mind. The memory of it had come between him and the book which now lay open and neglected in the living-room. And it was a book on exploration, his favorite subject, he

had walked to the library to get that morning.

He had gone out to the garden on his return to see how she was getting along, and Parmenter, in those ridiculous gardening clothes that made him look as though he had just rolled in from a hike, was standing there. Before he could speak to Debbie, Parmenter had said: "You don't garden, Mr. Davidson?"

George should have left it right there, but a perverse impulse of self-justification that seemed to ride on his shoulder like a gremlin these days made him smile and say, with spurious brightness: "I'm not much good at this sort of thing, I'm afraid. All thumbs and not a green one in the bunch."

Parmenter said, "Hmmm." Debbie moved closer and slipped a loyal grubby little hand into his, but it was no use. The mood followed him back into the house like a shadow.

Standing at the kitchen window, looking down the sun-splashed garden at his wife talking to her friend, Mr. Parmenter, George could feel the mood deepening, seeking and achieving confirmation.

If he didn't do something about it soon this would become an attitude, a burden too heavy to bear even with Debbie's gentle help.

"What a way to spend Saturday afternoon," he told himself as he turned and put the empty glass down on the sink. As he did, the cold water drip, which had been playing an idiotic diatonic accompaniment to his murky thoughts, sounded a distinct "bleek." As he reached the door it went "blonk."

George looked back over his shoulder. "I wonder when Debbie will get a moment to fix that thing," he mused.

He was still plodding without pleasure through chapter one when Debbie came to the front door.

"George," she called. "George, dear." He put down the book. "Would you get us a drink? Mr. Parmenter and I are out here on the porch and we're all mud."

"Of course," he said. It might have been subtle prompting of the book he had been reading, or it might have been the jolly, red-cheeked likeness on the little Toby jug they used to serve water, that gave shape and purpose to George's need to act; but by the time the drinks were ready so was his plan. He took all four of them to the porch.

"Hello, Mr. Parmenter," he said cheerfully, and put the tray on a wicker table.

"Your wife's a great gardener," said Parmenter, shaking his head once in admiration.

George picked up his drink and drank deeply and leaned against the railing.

"The border's going to be lovely, George," said Debbie. Her eyes were shining. She looked around.

"Where's Roddie?"

"I sent him out to play with some of his little pals," said George. "He kept bothering me in the lab."

Mr. Parmenter looked puzzled.

"You have a laboratory? Here?"

What do you do in it?" he asked.

Debbie leaned back as though to brace herself. "George," she said quietly. He avoided her eyes.

"Heads," said George brightly.

"Human heads. I shrink 'em."

Mr. Parmenter swallowed hard as though he had hit a lump in his drink. George was smiling amiably. "Got the recipe from an old witch doctor way up the Amazon. I crashed there during the war and in return for a case of tinned meat the old gentleman turned over this priceless age-old secret to me."

George shook his head and peered into his drink. "Fascinating . . . fascinating. Very fine work, too."

"George!" said Debbie. Her voice with firm with reproof now. He continued to avoid her eyes.

"Oh, I guess you gardeners enjoy yourselves in a way, but, frankly, after starting on this I haven't been able to interest myself in any other hobby."

Mr. Parmenter swallowed hard again. "George," said Debbie. "George Davidson!" But George was

leaning back on the railing regarding Mr. Parmenter through a window formed by his fingers, a window which enabled him to frame Mr. Parmenter's head. Just the head.

The guest put his drink down on the floor. He left quickly, pawing for the gate while he kept an eye on George, who threw him a light-hearted wave of farewell and then followed Debbie into the house. She was in the kitchen. She was rinsing her glass at the sink.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"That wasn't funny, George," she replied, without turning around.

"I was tired of people saying, 'Old George can't even hammer in a nail.' It was a protest. That's all. I wanted you to be proud of me."

Deborah started to snort. It came out as the front end of a giggle. "Proud of you?" Her shoulders twitched.

He reached for her and drew her around. "I wanted you to be able to say, 'Yes, but my George shrinks human heads.' How many men have that as a hobby?"

Her shoulders were shaking now. "He looked so funny going down the path," she said.

George grinned. "He was afraid to finish his drink. He thought I was a fiend." Now they were both laughing.

"George, dear, you shouldn't feel like that. I am proud of you. You're a wonderful lawyer, a wonderful husband, a wonderful father . . ."

George hummed the opening "ta-ta-ta" of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes March."

"But you are," she said.

"Debbie, I've a great idea. Perhaps if I just once did something, just one thing I would be all right. Then I could relax and read and be a lump for the rest of my life." He looked over his shoulder.

"Debbie," he said, "will you show me how to fix that leaky tap?"

She looked up at him. Her eyes were full of love. "Of course I will. Go get the wrench and the box of washers," she said tenderly.

He bent down and pressed his lips against hers. The tap went "blonk."

(Copyright)

Beware my heart

MISS BAINES asked: "And what made you decide to come to London, my dear?"

She smiled at Mary in her calm, gentle way, but there were surprisingly few lines in her face, considering her seventy-one years. "From what your grandfather wrote and told me, you were the prettiest and most popular girl at home."

Mary put down her teacup and grinned. "There wasn't much competition," she said. "And you can't trust Grandpa's eyes—they're slightly out of focus as far as I'm concerned. But—well, you know what Pennyfield is like, Miss Baines. After Father remarried I felt in the way."

She lowered her eyes, caught up suddenly in a little drift of longing. I wish, she thought—her fingers making a small pleat in her skirt—I wish I could find someone to marry.

She wasn't looking, as most girls were, for someone dashing and handsome and exciting. In fact, her every instinct was to steer clear of anyone like that. You had to worry too much about keeping him, and he usually had the power to hurt, to twist your heart in little ways. She knew, because of Harry. Never again.

All I want is someone sweet, on the quiet side, who has a nice face. Someone reliable. Peace of mind was the thing to look for when you fell in love and were married. And it was just as easy to fall in love with a good, steady man as with the other kind.

She looked up at Miss Baines again. She certainly is well preserved, she thought. It was the first time that she had met Miss Baines. The old lady had been a friend of her grandfather's when she lived in Somerset, but she had lived for a long time now in London. In fact, because of her influence with landlords and estate agents, it was she who had found Mary her present flat in one of the houses she owned.

Miss Baines was entirely different from the old ladies that she had known. She was thin, erect, and very smart with her blue-grey hair setting off the dark elegance of her clothes. Her life was spent attending meetings, going to lectures, and sitting on cultural committees. Mary could not help feeling tremendous admiration for her as she sat there.

"One of the reasons I love London," Miss Baines said, "is that you can live such a

rich, full life here." She smiled at Mary. "Have you made any friends yet, my dear?"

"Well," Mary said, hesitating. The late sunlight filtered through the curtains and highlighted the warm tones in her skin, the liquid clarity in her eyes. "Of course I haven't been here long. I speak to one or two people in the house when I meet them on the stairs—a couple with a dear little boy, and the sweetest little old man on the top floor."

Miss Baines leaned forward, her face grave. "I know whom you mean," she said. "I let the six flats out myself and I made sure the tenants had good references. But, my dear, let me give you a piece of advice. Don't make friends with anyone until you're sure of them. People often seem to be most attractive at first and then turn out to be quite the opposite."

She leaned back and sighed. "Especially in those large old houses that have been converted into flats and everyone seems to be living on top of everyone else. Let your motto be, 'Stop, Look, and Listen.' Then, when you are sure of your ground, go ahead. You'll find that you will save yourself a great deal of annoyance and grief."

Mary gazed at Miss Baines with deep respect. She's no fool, she thought.

Miss Baines' expression was thoughtful. "Have you met Nicholas Reardon?"

Mary frowned. "Who?"

"On the third floor. A young civil servant. Quite handsome. His aunt recommended him to me. Normally, I wouldn't dream of having a young bachelor as a tenant."

Mary's frown deepened. "I don't think so. I may have passed him on the stairs, of course."

Miss Baines smiled wryly. "Oh, you'd remember." The earnest look came back into her face as she leaned forward. "My dear, I hope you won't think I'm preaching. But you're an unusually pretty girl and more or less alone here. I do hope that you'll be wise about emotional entanglements. What I mean is, I hope you'll pick on someone who is dependable, someone who is sincere. In that way you won't be hurt."

Mary felt suddenly that there was a definite affinity between her and Miss Baines, despite their ages. She leaned forward rather breathlessly. "Don't worry about

me," she said. "You don't need to warn me about that. I feel the same way. I know there's no need to ask for trouble."

Mary thought of Harry Moore again, and the old memory pinched at her heart. She had asked for trouble then. He had been extraordinarily handsome and charming and gay. She had given him all her love. And she had suffered so cruelly in return as only the very young can suffer.

She could still remember the tearing pain of jealousy; the endless hours, stretched on a rack of waiting, beside the silent telephone; the wild hopes and, at the end, the deep pit of her despair. Had it been entirely Harry's fault? No, he could not help being as he was—handsome, stimulating, possessing the power to draw feminine eyes and hearts to him as easily as gulls are drawn to the sea.

Miss Baines was looking at her, nodding approval. "The Pringles always had good sense," she said. "Their feet were always on the ground."

It was two days later that Mary saw Nicholas Reardon. She was coming home from work one evening when she noticed a car in front of her house. A pretty girl sat at the wheel, looking up anxiously at one of the windows. And then a young man came out of the door, clattered down the steps, and climbed in beside her.

Mary stood still on the pavement. She knew suddenly what Miss Baines' wry smile had meant when she had said, "Oh, you'd remember." As the car drove away she shook her head and began walking on again.

Like Harry, Nicholas Reardon seemed the type to steer clear of. She could feel only pity for the pretty girl with the anxious expression by his side.

She walked up the steps and sighed. It was strange how so many women could stare at something that said DANGER AHEAD in screaming letters 6ft. 2in. tall, and still hurl themselves towards it.

Like so many other converted houses in the quiet Georgian square, Mary's house boasted a small back garden.

One night she was sitting out there in the twilight when she heard a movement behind her. As a faint masculine aroma of tobacco, soap, and tweed drifted towards

To page 10

A complete short story by FLORENCE SOMAN

"I wouldn't be a good bargain for a girl," said Nicholas, "I must admit I like my freedom."

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Continuing . . . Beware My Heart

from page 9

her, a thought darted into her head. She stiffened and froze.

"Miss Pringle?" a deep voice said. He was standing before her, smiling. "I'm one of your neighbors, Nicholas Reardon. You are Miss Pringle, aren't you?"

Mary swallowed. Close beside her like this, he was almost too handsome with that dark skin, those white teeth, that slightly veiled look in his eyes that suggested banked emotional fires. A feeling of weakness came over her.

"That's right," she said. "How did you know?"

He grinned and sat down on the bench at her side. "It didn't need a detective," he said. "A new face in the house—a new name above the doorbells—I'm brilliant when it comes to deduction."

Suddenly Mary grinned too. "I'm disappointed," she said. "I thought perhaps you'd looked at my left heel, a hair on my shoulder, and some tobacco crumbs falling out of my pocket."

He laughed. "I know one thing," he said. "You don't come from London, at least you don't sound as if you do."

Mary shook her head. "My home is in Somerset. I've only been here a few weeks."

"London isn't a bad place," there was a slight pause. "Perhaps you'd like to come sightseeing some time. I've lived here for years."

Mary's throat went dry. His dark eyes were fixed on her. She could feel little tremors going through her in a soft tingling. Mary, she said to herself, run, do not walk, to the nearest exit. But she seemed unable to move. It was like eternity before she was able to speak.

"That would be very nice," she said. She scrambled to her feet. "I must go upstairs. I'm expecting a phone call."

In her bedroom, she walked slowly to the window and looked down into the little garden. It was empty. He's gone somewhere, she thought; he's the kind that has a date with a different girl every night.

She stood motionless, the light outlining the pure, very young curve of her cheek. A longing swelled inside her, deep and full. I wish, she thought, that I wasn't so terribly vulnerable about love. It was the soft, tender things that were hurt in any but the gentlest hands.

She turned away, her face troubled. She intended to give Nicholas Reardon a very wide berth. But she couldn't help wishing that he lived elsewhere.

The following week, Miss Baines invited her to her house

again to meet a few "young people." Mary put on her prettiest dress and left with high hopes, but when she arrived and was introduced to the other guests, her spirits took a downward curve. Miss Baines' idea of "young people" seemed to be married couples in their early forties.

Miss Baines, however, led her straight to a corner where a young man of about thirty-five rose expectantly. He had a rather tweedy look, but it was his smile that attracted her—it was so sweet and gentle.

"Mary," Miss Baines was say-

Playroom for children

IN these days of housing shortages and cramped accommodation, not many parents are able to set aside a whole room for very young children. Yet experts on the upbringing of children say that, if it is possible to do so, it is well worth the sacrifice, trouble, and expense to give children their own room from the end of their first year.

One couple scrapped their dining-room when their second child was born, and let their youngsters loose with their toys in that room—the second largest in the house.

Mothers of young children will be interested in an article on this subject in the November 10 issue of A.M.

ing, "this is Mr. Hugh Edwards—Miss Pringle."

"Hello," Mary said in her bright, friendly way, as she sat down beside him on the sofa. "How do you know Miss Baines?"

"I'm an estate agent," he said. "Our paths cross pretty often. She's a very fine business woman." He smiled again. "She promised me a pretty girl, and I must say she hasn't let me down."

Mary looked at him searchingly and then relaxed a little. It was possible to believe what he said. It was strange how you could tell just by looking at a man. A man like this would make a wonderful husband, loyal, steady, dependable. Of course you had to fall in love with him first.

They talked pleasantly for a long time, and then Hugh took her home and made a date with her for the following Friday.

That night as she went to sleep, she began to dream, almost at once, about Nicholas Reardon.

The following Monday was an odd day. By midday the overcast sky had an unnatural leaden tinge, the air was unbearably oppressive. All the afternoon it grew ominously darker, until by the time Mary left the office it might have been a good two hours later than it was.

Everyone was casting apprehensive glances at the sky and hurrying to get home. As Mary stepped on to the bus the first rumble of thunder sounded. "Looks as though it's going to be a big one," the conductor said to her.

She ran quickly from the bus to get indoors before the storm broke, and she only just managed it. As she put her key in the lock a mighty crack, as though the heavens were splitting apart, sounded across the rooftops. It was stupendous, deafening, and left her trembling as she ran upstairs. She had never got over her childish fear of thunderstorms.

Once inside her flat the full fury of the storm broke. The sky was rent with vicious jags of lightning, torrents of rain beat at the windowpanes, and the thunder echoed.

And then the telephone rang. "Miss Pringle?" a man's voice said. "This is Nicholas Reardon. Are you alone? Are you frightened?"

"Scared to death," Mary stammered. "It's awful—it sounds as if the world is coming to an end."

His voice grew stronger with decision. "Don't worry. I'm coming."

"Oh, no!" she said, but there was a click. She hung up, swallowing hard. Between the storm and Nicholas Reardon she was more afraid of Nicholas.

A few moments later there was a knock at the door. As she looked at him framed in the doorway, she thought, with some wistfulness, he certainly is a broth of a boy. She knew a little more about him now, thanks to Miss Baines, who often saw his aunt.

From what she could gather, Nicholas saw a great many girls who were always ringing him up or writing to him, but he was completely indifferent about marriage. All in all, to Mary, he was the worst possible emotional risk.

"Come in," she said. "How kind of you to come down."

He grinned. "Don't give it another thought."

There was a terrible roll of thunder and Mary jumped and

To page 66

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

7. Not fixed and by the sound of it it must be an island for the rabbit (6)
8. Where the plane starts you find a sailor's Scotsman (6)
9. Money for chant-round a small mount (8)
10. Disturbance during a tour (4)
11. Shell-hole and mostly a large basket (6)
12. Agree upon a collection to let mixed (6)
13. Places of action as near as you can make it (6)

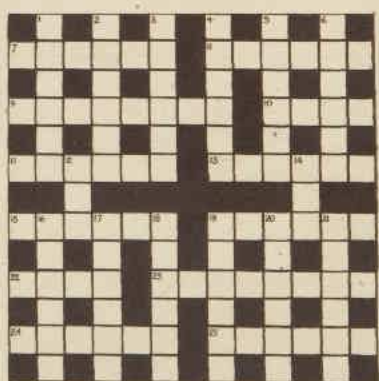
19. This is possibly the favored opera of motor-car mechanics (6)
22. Forbid passage through turned venetian (4)
23. Vital tee not connected with golfers but with spiritualists (8)
24. Master, in running water (6)
25. Takes advantage of an article which fields (6)

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.

1. Din a cannibal may make when giving instruction about disposal of the lady missionary (8)
2. Place where troops are lodged (6)
3. The Navy if precedes service (8)
4. Scaffold, but not for execution (8)
5. The oldest known landing place (6)
6. This king's father lived in Ramathaim-sophim (6)
7. Beer brewed from English and French articles (12)



DOWN

14. Thief—whose father was a musician (7)
15. Revive by doing knotted work in fish (6)
17. Pinch through a small child (6)
18. Prophet lost his head over this dancer (6)
19. Underground hollow at process to suspend proceedings (6)
20. Religious practice involves you in trial (6)
21. Praises a no longer used turned channel (6)

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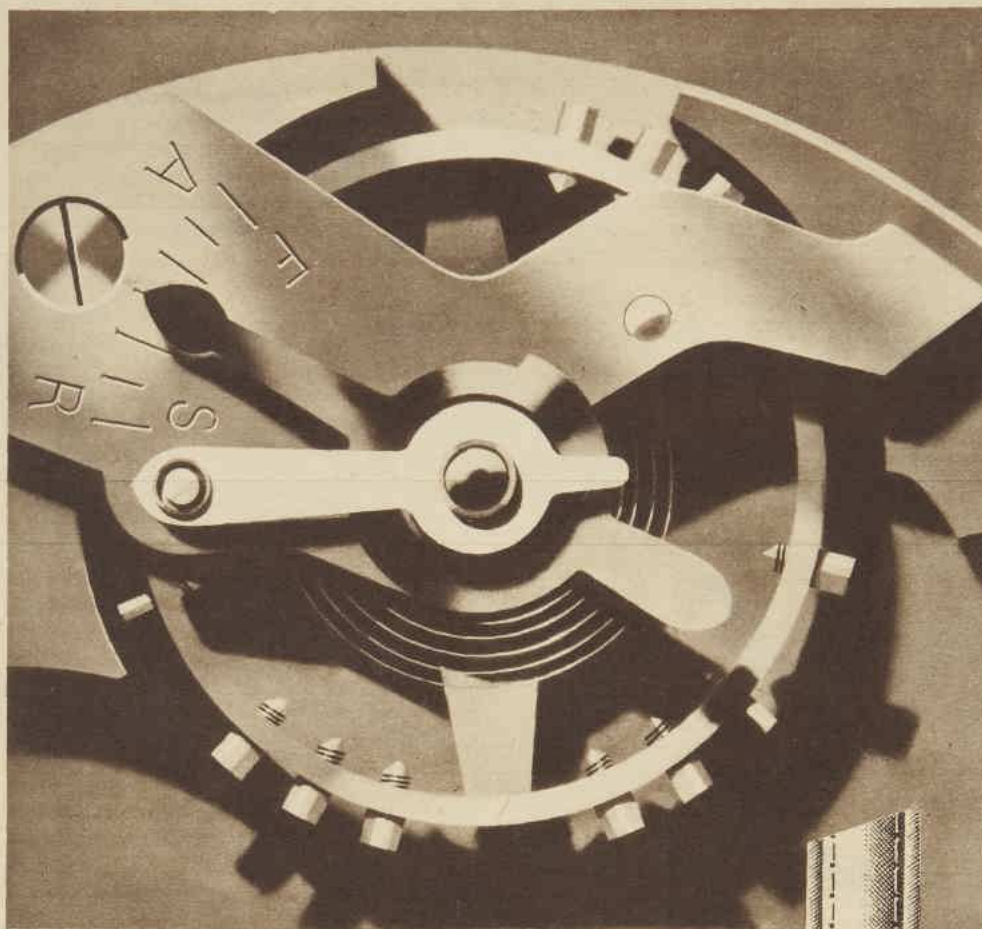
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Jimmy Edwards' leading lady

"Take it From Here" star says fiancée is "brilliant listener"

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Jimmy Edwards, blustering star of the famous radio show "Take it From Here," has found his own leading lady. She is Anne Michelle Carew-Gibbs and she will marry him next year.

JIMMY did this private piece of wife-scouting while B.B.C. talent scouts were combing show business for a star to step into the vacancy in "Take it From Here" left by Joy Nichols.

He met dark-eyed, brown-haired Anne at a Coronation party in Mayfair. She is 21 and he is 33.

Jimmy said, "I proposed to Anne after showing her the pigs on my farm. I've often thought about marriage—and shied away from it."

"I never thought anybody would have me. I'm not much use around the house and I'm pretty difficult to get along with at times."

Some clumsy clot once described me as Britain's most eligible bachelor. But I was never chased by beautiful blondes and brunettes as eligible bachelors are supposed to be. I wasn't chased at all.

"And I certainly never thought that a beautiful girl like Miss Anne Michelle Carew Hyphen Gibbs would have me."

He dwelt sonorously on her name and leered.

"I must admit I was a bit overawed by the name," he added. "It is so much longer than mine."

"But I soon found out that she was not only attractive, but that she was also interested in the important things of life, like pigs, horses, and wheat crops."

"Furthermore, she is a brilliant listener. Obviously, I said to myself, a very intelligent girl."

Anne lets Jimmy ramble on like this for hours. She comes from Cowfold, Sussex, 15 miles from Jimmy's farm, and had never seen him on stage till after they met.

Makes her laugh

BUT she confessed, "He makes me laugh every time I see him. I laugh so much I get a pain. Goodness knows what it will be like married to him. But maybe he'll calm down."

The wisecracking, rumbustious Edwards will no longer have it all his own way when it comes to backchatting. Though he makes his living by it, his repartee and his leg-pulling don't awe Anne in the least.

"We haven't got the engagement ring yet," she explained calmly. "He would rather buy a new tractor for his farm. Anyway, he keeps asking me which finger."

"I hope it will be a white wedding, but right now we're engaged in a tug-of-war over whether we will hold it in his village of Fletching or at Cowfold, where I live."

"That's the way it stands now, and all he can say is, Radio intercom—that's the only solution."

"I'm worried about his moustache, too," Anne added. "I had thought of asking him to shave it off, but I can't. He's very attached to it. He's a founder-member of the Handlebar Club, and after all it's the breadwinner."

Anne is a schoolteacher at a private infants' school in nearby Horsham. Jimmy, who is a Master of Arts and Rector of Aberdeen University—probably the most unorthodox rector a university ever had—is inclined to be lofty about her job.

"She teaches only very, very tiny children," he said. "She is only just beginning to learn words of three syllables herself."



Edwards is an enthusiastic farmer and horseman. He often rides in local gymkhanas and hunts.

In fact, it was at local hunt dances that their romance blossomed after the Coronation party meeting.

"Do you know," said Jimmy, scratching his balding head, "I can't remember to this day where that party was held. All I can remember is Miss Anne Michelle Carew Hyphen Gibbs."

"And when I found she lived in a village only 15 miles away I was a very happy man."

"Luckily Anne knows a lot about the country. They have pigs, geese, and all sorts of things at her place."

"Mind you," he added hes-

ACTOR (spare-time farmer) Jimmy Edwards and his fiancée, Anne Carew-Gibbs. They plan to marry early in the New Year, but have not yet set the date.

itely, "her pigs are much inferior to mine."

On the day of their engagement Jimmy brought Anne to the Adelphi Theatre, where he is starring in "London Laughs," to "throw her to the lions"—his theatrical friends.

Hallway through the celebrations in his dressing-room the door opened and a man walked in, took Anne in his arms, and kissed her.

"Hey," yelled Edwards.

"What's this?" "Darling," Anne said, "meet Daddy."

Her father had flown in from business in Dublin.

"I say, it isn't fair," Edwards protested. "He has more hair than I have."

Anne Carew-Gibbs is giving up schoolteaching to run Jimmy's mixed farm.

Edwards says proudly, "She is a good horsewoman, but I shall have to find a horse to suit her. All mine are big, strong brutes that carry heavyweights and need some handling. They're quite unsuited to a tiny girl like her."

He added, "One of the things that finally decided me to get married is that I'm getting so old and all my married friends look so jolly happy."

"Anne is a good little egg-boiler and during the next few months she is going to cookery classes."

"We would like to be married in one or the other of our village churches, but I come from a big family and I have so many radio and theatrical friends I would like to ask that it would take a pretty big village to accommodate them."

"Anyway, we can't get married before my show at the Adelphi finishes next January."

"Much as I love the Adelphi after all the time I've been there, I don't want to spend my honeymoon there."

Trombone trouble

THE biggest likely bone of contention between Anne and Jimmy is Jimmy's trombone.

Anne said, "He used to send me half mad blowing his trombone. He even blows it in the middle of a party. I am going to try to break him of the habit."

"I'm a bit worried about his hair, too. It's getting very thin on top. I'll have to massage his head with restorer."

Anne may be tiny but she looks like being more than a match for James Keith O'Neill Edwards, D.F.C., M.A.

"I say, old man," Jimmy said anxiously, "for heaven's sake don't describe her as petite. I would call her well-timbered."

Australian actors get chance at Stratford

In sailing for England to try for next month's auditions for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company, Kevin Miles, of Melbourne, and South Australian Ron Haddrick are joining the band of Australians who have been given their big chance by Anthony Quayle, director and principal player of the company.

TWENTY-THREE-year-old Kevin Miles still can't believe his luck.

"It's incredible," he said. "I just got a letter from Mr. Quayle asking me to be in Stratford by December 28. Then he sent £60 towards my fare."

Kevin has been playing in "Reluctant Heroes" at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne.

His first Shakespearean experience was with the Stratford Company during their 1950 Australian season.

"My first role was in 'Much Ado About Nothing'—I carried a spear," he added. "Then I graduated to a 'speaking' part in 'Macbeth'."

"I had to say, 'Pssst.'"

Kevin Miles began acting when he was six in the backyard of his father's small farm at Lower Plenty, Victoria, with a group of docile but unresponsive greyhounds as audience.

"I used to dress them up and train them to sit still, but they were rather unsatisfactory," he said.

One of six children, he got a job in a Melbourne store

when he was 16, but spent his spare time with Little Theatre groups.

Later, his success in "Flyaway Peter" led to his engagement for the 1950 Stratford season.

His greatest ambition is to join the ranks of other Australians who have made good in the Stratford Company.

He is prepared to work hard for success, but if he does not make the grade he hopes to settle on a small farm. In any case, he intends to return to Australia.

Christmas in London will be a special thrill because it will mean a reunion with Beverley Myers, a New Zealand girl he met when he was playing in "Seagulls Over Sorrento" in Auckland.

"She is at finishing school in Switzerland at present," he said, "but she will be in London when I arrive."

"We are not really engaged... but I hope she'll be the one."

RON HADDRICK, the other Australian actor headed for Stratford at the

same time as Kevin, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Haddrick, of Glenelg, South Australia, and used to be a dental mechanic.

Ron has had considerable stage and radio experience since he made his theatrical debut in the back row of the Playbox Theatre's "Lady Be Good" during the war years.

"I was very keen to get into the theatre and singing in the chorus was an opening," he said. "But I haven't got a good singing voice."

His audition for Anthony Quayle was arranged by Stafford Dyson, A.B.C. producer.

"Nervous isn't exactly the word for how I was feeling," Ron said. "Tense would describe it better."

"There I was on the stage, all alone. I felt I was the only person in the theatre."

Other Australians selected this year for auditions at Stratford include Rosamund Waring, of Sydney, now on her way to England, and Frank Waters, of Adelaide and Sydney, who is already there.



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN stage and radio actor Ron Haddrick, one of the local players chosen by Anthony Quayle for auditions with the Stratford Company in England at the end of next month. Ron is also a well-known A-grade cricketer and plays for Glenelg.



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PROGRESS PRIZE of £5 in our Happy Marriage Contest is awarded this week to Mr. R. S. Cobham, of Grenfell, N.S.W., who sent us this picture taken on January 28, 1897, of the wedding of W. S. Cobham to Caroline Foster, of Ballarat, Victoria.

Wide interest in £2500 contest

Our recently launched Happy Marriage Contest has already attracted many entries from readers.

HERE are the details of the four sections.

1. Best advice to married couples from anybody.
2. Best advice for husbands from a wife.
3. Best advice to wives from a husband.
4. Most charming wedding-group picture.

The picture may show only the bride and bridegroom or it may include their attendants. But the bride and the bridegroom must be included in the picture.

In the case of the same picture being submitted by more than one person, only that received first will be eligible for judging.

The name and address of entrants must be written on the back of all photographs.

The picture may be old or modern and may have been taken by either an amateur or a professional photographer.

We will take every possible care of the picture you send and return it to you at the end of the contest. However, no responsibility can be taken for any picture lost or damaged.

Progress awards will be

The Prizes

The prizemoney of £2500 in our Happy Marriage Contest is made up as follows:

£1000 for the best entry in the contest.

£250 each for the best entry in the four sections. Total £1000.

£50 each for the second best entry in the sections. Total £200.

£25 each for the third best entry in the sections. Total £100.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10, £5, and £1 for entries published during the course of the contest. Total £200.

GRAND TOTAL £2500.

made in all four sections during the course of the contest. These awards will be in addition to the major prizes and will be made for entries published in various issues of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Entries that win progress awards in any section will not necessarily be the best in hand at the date of publication. The progress awards will go to the entries that are suitable for the issue in which they appear.

All entries that win progress awards and are published during the course of the contest will be eligible for the final judging.

CONTEST RULES

ADDRESS your entries "Happy Marriage Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send in as many entries as you like, but each must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

Put your own name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry. Write on one side of the paper only.

Written entries may be as short as you like, but should not exceed 250 words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries in the written section will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Finalists of sections two, three, and four will be asked to sign an affidavit of eligibility.

HAPPY MARRIAGE CONTEST

November 11, 1953. Paste one coupon on each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. (This does not apply to Section 4.)

I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

Signature

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (block letters)

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YOUTH SERIES by Kay Melaun

Basic courtesies

Now that women and men are working on terms of near equality, gallantries have largely gone by the board. But most men still like to be courteous, and to defer to and be solicitous of women. Generally speaking, women adore the treatment.

MASCULINE courtesy is aimed at protecting. Feminine courtesy towards a man can be measured by the graciousness of its acceptance.

Of course, if a man thinks enough of a girl, etiquette automatically follows, because he'll be courteous, attentive, and deferential as a matter of course.

But here is a revise of some of the rules for all-occasion use.

A MAN walks on the outside of the footpath—a hangover, this, from the days when roads were muddy ruts and the one on the outside of the footpath took the brunt of it.

A man lets a woman precede him. He opens doors for her, lets her enter and leave first.

But in leaving a tram or some such vehicle he gets out first so as to be able to help her alight.

"Handing a lady down" is just as much the thing now as it was when highwaymen went riding.

WHO goes first when entering a cafe or the movies confuses some young men, who dither about, obviously not knowing quite the how and the where of it.

If there is a head waiter, an usherette, or a receptionist, the man lets his girl precede him. Lacking this someone, he goes ahead of his girl in order to find the table or the seats for her.

When a girl is having dinner with a man she should make requests through him. She shouldn't signal the waiter or waitress or give them an order. She should let the man order and should tell him if she wants another bread roll, and so on.

I hope waitresses read this. They have acquired the habit of looking to the woman to

place the order. Some even give the woman the bill.

There are two contributory causes of this irritating state of affairs. One is that men have become rather regardless about their duties as hosts. The other is that women seem to have forgotten how to sit back and be waited on.

A MAN should always get to his feet when a woman comes into a room in which he is sitting.

Have you noticed office conduct? The executive sits at

SOME men take off their hats in lifts which include women passengers. Whether they do or don't is entirely up to them.

Notices ask men not to. Presumably this is because ten men's hats clutched to ten men's stomachs take up too much room in a crowded lift.

A man should at least go through the motions of raising his hat when greeting a woman in the street. If they stop to chat, he needn't take off his hat, although it's nice if he does.

A GIRL should never light a man's cigarette for him; a man should always light a girl's cigarette for her.

What's really important is that a girl should let a man light her cigarette.

Even if he's not smoking, if she's got a cigarette-lighter in her hand, and he has to walk clear across the room to get a box of matches and then go through the business of getting out the match—if he starts to pay her this little attention she should let him, even if it takes time and trouble.

She shouldn't spoil it by lighting her own—no matter how much more "sensible" the procedure seems.

A bachelor's opinion: WHAT GIRLS ADMIRE IN MEN

SUCCESS! That's what girls admire in men; not necessarily monetary success, but success in something—sport, society, a branch of art.

It's in a woman's nature to want to admire a man for his success, because in this she feels security.

Also, being a more humble creature, she is content to bathe in his reflected glory, which, after all, costs her little or no effort.

Of course, there never was a female born who could resist the magnetism of the dynamic, all-conquering he-man.

But we lesser men know by experience that a girl likes her man to temper ruggedness with gentility, polish, and charm, and that he must always prove reliable, honest, and sincere. Otherwise she loses her respect for him and that's the beginning of the end.

his desk all day. His secretary fetches and carries, enters and leaves 50 times, and he doesn't stir.

Around 5.30, leaving the office, they chance to meet at the lift, and there's a reversal of form.

The executive to whom she's been a piece of office furniture all day greets her as though meeting a woman acquaintance for the first time that day. He bows her into the lift ahead of him, sweeping off his hat, bows her equally courteously out again.

Odd, isn't it? Yet it's correct conduct compromised to fit current conditions.

This is the sort of thing that makes a man give the courtesy game away. It's on a par with the snubbing effect of a girl's refusal of a seat in a tram which a man has been gallant enough to offer her.

No matter what the circumstances, if a girl is offered a seat she should accept it with gracious thanks, even if she's going only half a block, if the man looks old and ill, and it will be inconvenient for her to get out of the tram.

Courtesy isn't complicated—or, rather, it shouldn't be. It's just kindness decked in its Sunday best.

DISC DIGEST

an instrumental group called The Esquire Boys, and they send that caravan along at a snappy pace. I liked this side a lot and wished it had been longer. A few seconds over two minutes was but an appetiser for the reverse, "We Drifted Apart," which features an echo-chamber vocal.

BRITAIN'S top thrush, Lita Roza, has a wonderful showcase for her smouldering style in "Oo! What You Do To Me," a smoochie tune in a blend of beguine and bolero styles, and a very fascinating one, too. She fronts Ted

Heath's band again for the fast coupling "Crazy Man, Crazy." This one really jumps, and Lita adapts herself to the beat with ease. This girl deserves watching! Hear her on Y6496.

IT did these old ears good to welcome back Dick Todd in an easy-going number called "Bumming Around" on DO70048—the sort of thing Crosby used to do so well. Flip is "Let Me Know," and equally catchy. An unpretentious disc, hardly a hit-parader, but one that will take a lot of playing in time to come.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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Annette Kellerman in new career

● Ever-youthful Annette Kellerman, world-famed Australian swimmer, diver, dancer, and physical culturist of another generation, is now in New York seeking a career in TV.

MISS KELLERMAN, whose exploits of the first decade of this century when she pioneered the one-piece bathing suit indicate she is now in her sixties, admits, with a wink, to being 39—"the age I feel."

The lithe and shapely ex-vaudeville star arrived in New York from her California home last week to talk to television producers about a possible regular appearance in a programme aimed primarily at a woman's audience.

Miss Kellerman, an admitted authority on the subject of staying young, wants to show other women how to do so through dancing and rhythmic exercising.

A non-drinking, non-smoking vegetarian, Miss Kellerman also wants to transmit her ideas on food and dieting to a mass audience.

Miss Kellerman's arrival in New York for her first visit here in 17 years caused a stir which amazed her.

New York newspapers carried front-page photographs of her.

Reporters have interviewed her daily on such topics as Bikini bathing-suits, which she detests, and life in California, which she loves.

"I thought everyone had forgotten all about me," said Miss Kellerman over lunch in a well-known theatrical restaurant off Broadway. "But I suppose the Esther Williams film of my life put me back in the news."

Miss Kellerman, who worked for three years as

technical adviser on "Million Dollar Mermaid" and wrote the book on which it was based, is not altogether happy about it although it was a big financial success.

"Esther is a sweet girl and did a very nice job," Miss Kellerman declared. "But they insisted on glamorising her and putting the emphasis all on my swimming. I wanted the film to show more of my versatility."

"It may not sound modest, but I did many more things in show business than my swimming act."

"I lectured in five languages in Europe. I sang, danced, and played the accordion."

"I was heartbroken when they cut out my appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York here at a wartime benefit in 1918. I danced the Diving Swan that night, with Arturo Toscanini conducting a ninety-piece orchestra."

"On the same programme were Fritz Kreisler, Alla Nazimova, Geraldine Farrar, and Enrico Caruso. But that sequence was cut out of the script, possibly because Esther can't dance."

By **GEORGE McGANN**,
of our New York staff



ON ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK to discuss appearances in television shows, Annette Kellerman demonstrates her agility by autographing her photograph at Grand Central Station.



AUSTRALIAN-BORN vaudeville star Annette Kellerman does one of her daily ballet exercises. Although now in her sixties, she says she is as young as she feels—39.

"She can't dive, either, and a double had to be used for the diving sequences which were so effective in the film."

Miss Kellerman was disappointed, too, that the film made no reference to her musical talents as singer, composer, and piano accordionist.

She said, "I have lived with music all my life."

"Both of my parents were fine musicians and there were seven pianos in our house in Sydney."

"My father was a professor of harmony and music theory. He and mother founded the first conservatorium in Sydney, in Phillip Street near the Quay."

"Another thing that annoyed me was the casting of Victor Mature in the role of my husband. No two people in this world could be less alike."

Miss Kellerman has been married for 35 years to James R. Sullivan, an American who was once her manager and publicity agent.

"Jimmy, bless him, is not the superman type at all," she added.

Miss Kellerman adheres to a rigorous daily routine of dancing, exercising, and singing.

When she is at home in California, in her glass-sided house near Hollywood overlooking the Pacific, Miss Kellerman spends most of her afternoons gardening—"I have a green thumb"—and many of her nights square dancing.

"I love the Hollywood people," she said. "They're really homebodies and moral and conservative, despite stories you hear about one or two of them. But every once in a while I get so homesick for Australia I could cry."

"My husband and I lived

in Australia during the last war and until 1948. We have been away five years now and that's too long. I must return for a visit next year."

Miss Kellerman is hopeful that she can do her television work in Hollywood rather than New York, perhaps by performing for television films.

"Jimmy doesn't like New York and I won't live here without him," she said.

"Many people have refused to believe that I have been married only once and that I am still in love with my husband, but it's true. We write to each other every day."

"I am staying in the Hotel Astor here because this is where Jimmy and I had our honeymoon 35 years ago."

Despite her glamorous past, Miss Kellerman resolutely lives in the present and future.

"Every decade you live has something different," she philosophised. "You have to give up something perhaps, but you can take up something else."

"The important thing is to keep your old zip."

A RELIEF FOR WOMEN and GIRLS

Hollywood Orange Blossom is a local application designed for the benefit of women and girls suffering from inflammation, congestion, catarrhal conditions, itching and irritation caused by leucorrhoea. It is an aid to the relief of monthly pain, and helps prevent irregularities. This safe, antiseptic, cleansing, healing treatment helps relieve bodily suffering, and safeguards personal cleanliness. Two to three months' supply, price 15/- All Chemists.
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Hats aid button sales

Big flower trims best, says champion charity collector

Champion Sydney button-seller, Mrs. Alice Moss, of Bondi, N.S.W., recommends "crazy" hats and the personal approach as the best methods of collecting the most money for charity.

"You can't sell buttons by just standing there with a tray hanging round your neck," charming, five-foot nothing Mrs. Moss told me.

MRS. MOSS said persuading citizens to buy buttons was an art which was getting harder as the years went by. And she should know, because she has been selling buttons and doing other work for charity since 1923.

She showed me a scrap-book filled with letters of appreciation from nearly every charity in Sydney, with Red Cross, Legacy, and the R.S.L. predominating.

"In the past 10 years I've sold £1004 worth of buttons for the Red Cross," she said. "Here is the letter proving it."

"As a Red Cross Voluntary Aid I collected £3003 for the P.O.W. Fund."

Mrs. Moss has been a Voluntary Aid for 30 years, and, in 1948, she received the King's Brooch for her work with Red Cross. She is now an Attached Aid, which is an honorary position held by selected members of V.A. Detachments.

"I also have a letter here from the R.S.L. congratulating me on my golden jubilee as a collector for them. I have collected on 50 of their Tin Hat and Poppy Days, and they estimate that in the past 10 years I have sold more than 10,000 poppies."

"Heaven knows how many I have sold over the whole period of 30 years," she laughed. "But I love doing it, and that's important to success."

"I always wear crazy hats, make most of them myself. It attracts people's attention. I specially like hats with big flowers on them."

"This one I'm wearing is a brown straw my niece sent me from New York. I put the big orange roses on it myself. It is a good button-selling hat, don't you think?"

Mrs. Moss said it was necessary, for good button-selling, to go to meet people, walk up to them, and speak to them as they approach.

"Have you bought a button sir?" I always ask with a bright smile, and if they are well known I try to remember their names. It works wonders.

"If I can add, 'How are you, Mr. —?' Please help the kiddies whose daddies didn't come back, they are well and truly sunk, and I collect handsomely," Mrs. Moss said triumphantly.

Mrs. Moss said she always sold buttons to Billy Hughes.

"My area, where I have been selling for years and years, is the corner of Pitt

Street and Martin Place, by the Commonwealth Bank.

"When Mr. Hughes came by I used to pop up to him and say my piece, and he would smile and say, 'No one has asked me, lassie.' He always bought a £1 button."

"A £5 button is the largest button I've sold, and it's my ambition to sell a £1000 one. That'll be the day. I'll probably faint and spill my tray all over Martin Place."

Watches faces

MRS. MOSS said she could always tell whether people were going to buy a button, although sometimes they changed their minds at the last minute.

"I watch their faces and I can tell by the way they hold their mouths if they are likely to be a customer."

"New Australians are the best buyers."

"They always buy buttons, especially when I go to the factories where they work. If I am selling for Red Cross, the New Australians tell me how Red Cross saved them from starvation or madness in Europe by supplying food and books and medicines."

Mrs. Moss said visitors from the country, from the other

States, and New Zealand were also good buyers.

She always found men as easy to sell to as women.

"Don't think because I'm not young and glamorous it is a handicap," she said. "I've often gone out with lovely models, and they stand round and sell only a few, while I go up to people and sell my buttons like hot cakes."

"Why, I've taken £84 in one day, although a good day's selling usually totals about £40 to £50."

Mrs. Moss told me she was shopping in town recently on a button day on which she was not selling. "I saw some young girls trying to sell buttons by standing on a busy corner with their trays."

"I wanted to help them, so I went up and said kindly, 'Lassie, I am a button seller. Take my advice. You must go out and really sell these buttons like a salesgirl selling her wares.'"

"The girls seemed very grateful."

Mrs. Moss said she nearly always worked on her special area at the corner of Pitt Street and Martin Place on button days and did not move from it all day.

"I nip into a handy milk bar and have a quick cup of tea and a sandwich, but it wastes time to be away a minute."

Mrs. Moss said she did not find it tiring to stand in the street all day.

"I have good, sensible shoes and, as I collect nearly every



WORLD WAR II VETERAN Ron Farley, of Normanhurst, N.S.W., buys a button from Mrs. Alice Moss, who is using her special tray and wearing one of her "button-selling" hats.

Friday and often during the week at factories and offices, I am used to walking.

"But when the tray is full it is heavy, as it is the biggest button-collecting tray in Sydney, and sometimes the back of my neck aches with the weight on the straps."

Only a few people were rude when she asked them to buy a button.

"Occasionally a man might say to me, 'How much do you

get out of this?', but I ignore those tyves."

Mrs. Moss, who is also a member of the Y.W.C.A. and Legacy, sells buttons for any charity of which she approves, so she is busy on nearly every button day in Sydney.

She makes most of her own clothes and likes to spend her evenings in her flat at Bondi reading, especially biographies of famous people.

The Spirit of SUCCESS

"... and don't let anybody ever pull you off the ladder of success"

"You've taken your first step, Bill — on the ladder of your business life. You've had your first success — small as it may seem to you. Make sure that nobody ever has the chance to pull you off that ladder."

They'll try, you know. From now on you'll be watched by me, by the other directors, by the fellows in the office. You'll be watched at work, and you'll be watched outside of work.

Especially, Bill, will you be watched in the bar.

Sensible drinking can make you many good friends — I say sensible drinking, Bill. And it's so easy to drink sensibly.

Take spirit drinks for instance. Whisky — with a liberal splash of soda or water — is a wonderful stimulant when you're a little tired — a bit jaded.

Or a long gin — with tonic or soda or anything that appeals to you. A rum with ginger ale or a brandy with lime and soda are refreshing drinks. Taken in moderation they're all excellent beverages.

... but always remember, Bill — drink sensibly. Drink spirits sensibly, Bill, and they'll help you build in yourself *The Spirit of SUCCESS*"



THIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE "SPIRIT OF BETTER DRINKING" IS MADE BY THE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION OF N.S.W.

ZOO MOTHERS AND BABIES



THESE DINGO PUPS at Taronga Park Zoo, photographed at the age of six weeks, were born to a mother which had been a household pet in an N.S.W. country town. They are playful and affectionate and love company.

Breeding animals reduces costs at Taronga Park

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter.

The Taronga Park Trust, which manages Sydney's famous zoo, regards breeding and rearing animals as an economy as well as an important zoo activity.

TO buy a giraffe overseas would cost something like £3000. Expenses connected with the birth of a baby giraffe at Taronga Park some months ago amounted to only £100. Most of this money was spent on special feeding for the mother.

Two leopard cubs born six months ago would have cost the zoo £150 each if bought overseas. Their breeding and safe rearing at Taronga Park will save the Trust at least £250.

Few zoo fathers take their parental duties more seriously than Jan, father of Taronga Park's three-months-old baby giraffe. But then not all fathers have a period of 15 months to prepare themselves for their future role.

Jan helps his mate Betty with the daily licking of the baby's coat, and gets anxious and panicky if his calf is for long out of sight.

For her accouchement, the mother-to-be (giraffes produce their young from a standing position) was moved to a special labor-room, where the floor was covered with 18 inches of straw.

Jan, who would have been a greater nuisance than most of his sex at such a time, was not allowed to visit Betty.

True to form, the giraffe baby was three days old be-

fore she learnt to control her long, spindly legs.

Betty, a careful and affectionate mother, will continue to feed her until she is a year old, introducing her slowly to the acacia leaves, hay, malt, barley, and carrot-tops that help constitute normal adult diet for giraffes.

Two leopard cubs, born in the autumn, rank next in this year's nursery aristocracy.

The leopardess, proud, ferocious, and independent, cares so little for human approbation that if her cubs were to be touched by a keeper she would at once disown and refuse to feed them.

Official debut

IN two months' time, when the tawny, tail-swishing little creatures are completely weaned on to the meat they are already beginning to eat, the keepers will handle them for the first time and be able to announce their sex.

Their official recognition as members of the zoo younger set will come when a requisition goes through putting them on the meat issue.

In the meantime, the cubs are learning to snarl, pounce, and walk with their mother's proud, impatient gait.

The leopardess, like other zoo mothers-to-be, was put on a special compressed vitamin diet before the cubs' birth.

Five-year-old lioness Lulu made the headlines last month

when she needed a caesarian operation to remove a still-born cub.

Sir Edward Hallstrom, chairman of Taronga Zoo, sent for two leading gynaecologists to operate.

The doctors gave Lulu a pentathol injection, and kept her anaesthetised with an improvised ether mask.

After the operation the lioness was given specially prepared milk, glucose, and beef tea to help her back to health.

The year's most eagerly awaited birth, however, that of a cub to the Canadian black bear, also had an unhappy ending. The bear, in an excess of motherly emotion, crushed her cub to death when she was a few weeks old.

Because they are comparatively easy to breed in captivity, only a minor excitement greeted the birth four months ago of a new family of little hyena cubs.

Zoo attendants note that papa hyena has never been the same animal since. To him, parenthood has meant the end of his reign as boss.

Since the birth of the cubs, as is usual in the hyena world, it is mama who has assumed control of the enclosure.

But in the 12 weeks in which he had to get used to the idea of his eclipse, papa hyena must have done some serious self-adjusting. For, unlike many male parents of the animal kingdom, he is

allowed to take up permanent quarters in the nursery.

It is mama, not he, who has six mouths to feed, and not unnaturally she is anxious to get the children on to solids as soon as possible.

Each day she systematically chews up prodigious quantities of meat, and then disgorges equal portions for each of her cubs.

This nursery period of cosseting is entirely missing from the lives of some of this year's other new arrivals—those Hillaries and Tensings of the zoo world—the hardy thars or Himalayan mountain goats.

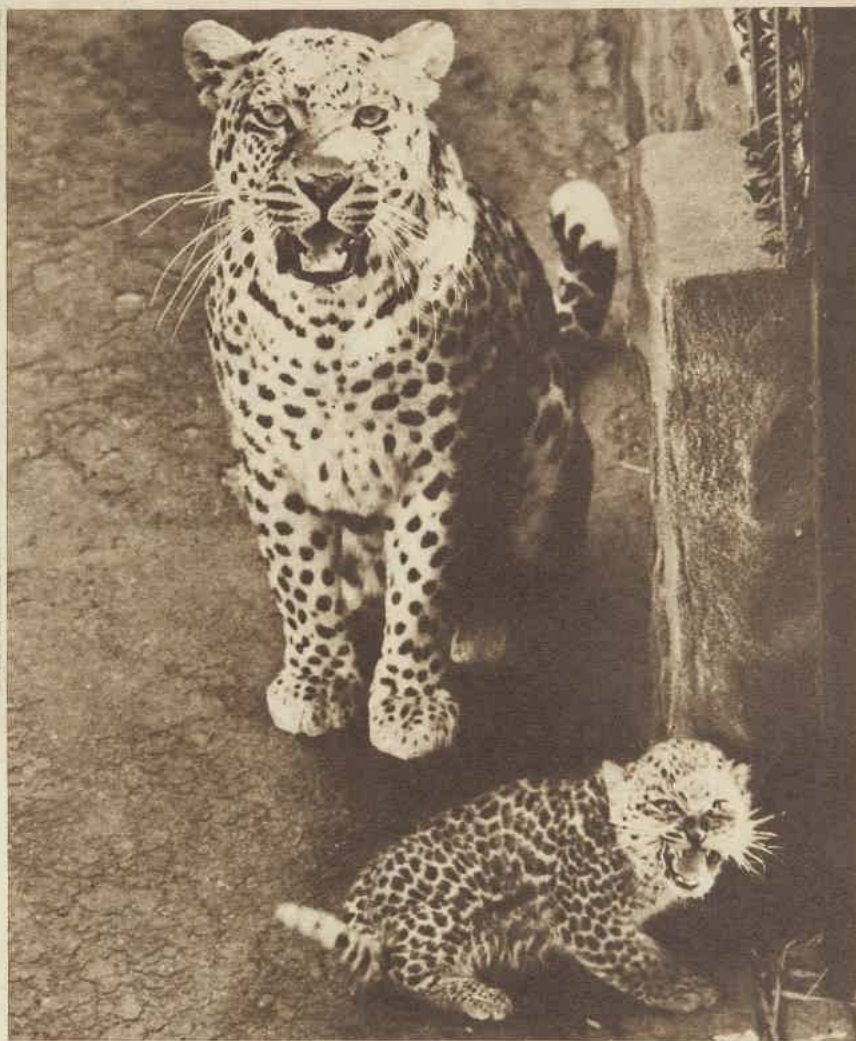
Within a matter of days they were climbing and leaping sure-footed from crag to crag in their enclosure.

Life for five dingo pups born early in July is still largely a matter of eat, sleep, and play.

Their mother, Betsy, was sent to Taronga Park from the country, where she had been a household pet.

This is Betsy's first litter since she has been at the zoo, and during the nine weeks' wait for the birth of her pups her behaviour was a model of correctness.

She is gentle, docile, and affectionate with the keepers, a dutiful, attentive mother, and is not above hunting her pups down to the wires of her cage the better to show them off to the public.



ONLY FOUR MONTHS OLD when photographed, this little leopard cub had already learnt to copy its mother and to snarl at a camera. Keepers have not yet handled it.



THE BIRTH in May of this baby giraffe was one of the most important events of the Zoo year. Giraffes are among the most difficult of all animals to breed in captivity.

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*... it
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MOTHERS! Here's the most healthy drink you can give those thirsty children of yours! Pure, delicious Mynor, rich in all those essential vitamins A, B, C and D contained in the fresh juices of oranges, lemons, pineapples and passionfruit. And, just imagine what these would cost you to buy at present-day prices! Pour a little Mynor Fruit Cup into a glass, fill it with pure, wholesome water, and let the children drink as much as they want. Just think . . . all this costs less than 2d. a glass!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 11, 1953



COLLINS STREET. Tree-lined, it is the nearest approach to a Paris boulevard in Australia, with its fine buildings, wide pavements, gay boutiques, and restaurants. It was named after Captain David Collins, who founded the first settlement on Port Phillip.

ALL EYES ON MELBOURNE

● Australia's biggest racing carnival, the Melbourne Cup, focuses interest on Melbourne at this time every year, but there is much to attract visitors from other States apart from the gaieties of Cup Week.



COMMERCE SCHOOL at the University. The University grounds cover more than 100 acres. Its five colleges are Ormond, Trinity, Newman, Queen's, and the Women's College. Seven thousand students are enrolled in the various faculties at the University.



A WINTER'S DAY VIEW of Melbourne University from the tower of Ormond College. Gifts and bequests to the University totalled £200,000 last year, including £69,000 from a public appeal to rebuild Wilson Hall, which was destroyed by fire.



SANDRINGHAM BEACH, typical of the gentle shores of Port Phillip Bay. It has the air of an English beach with its bathing-boxes, not often seen at Australian seaside resorts. Melbourne's bay beaches draw big crowds at weekends in summer.

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Thermexa is SMOOTH

THERMEXA has a satiny texture that's s-m-o-o-t-h to the touch. Pure white, it has the opalescence of fine porcelain.

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COMPLETELY HEAT RESISTING



DOROTHY DRAIN AND BOXERS. On her left, Pappy Gault, on her right, Freddie Dawson.

It seems to me... Boxing's no tea-party

By
Dorothy Drain

UNTIL this week the big fight at Sydney Sports Ground next Friday—Australian Jimmy Carruthers and American Pappy Gault world bantamweight title—could hardly have interested me less.

Formerly I had taken the lofty, feminine view of boxing. Tolerant, I mean. All that's changed.

It began with the innocent project of taking three boxers to tea—Carruthers, Gault, and, just to add variety, Freddie Dawson, the American negro fighter.

What with boxers not eating afternoon tea, and the complex animosities (some genuine, some box-office) of this unfamiliar world, I had to compromise by taking Gault and Dawson for a milkshake (see picture above), and meeting Carruthers separately.

When the picture was taken, Pappy and Freddie, as is easily seen, were as depressed about the idea as I was. But they cheered up.

So did I. For one thing, Pappy weighs only six pounds more than I do (he is 8 stone 6 pounds), and Freddie, a welterweight, is 10 stone 1 pound.

This naturally made them less intimidating than, say, heavyweights.

For another, after three hours spent at McQuillan's gymnasium in Newtown, Sydney, watching "workouts" and listening to a bunch of assorted managers, trainers, and sports writers, I began to acquire confidence.

SO—if anyone wants to know why Freddie Dawson, one of the best fighters ever to come to this country (he knocked out Vic Patrick a couple of trips ago, silly), couldn't get a fight in Sydney this time, I could give them the lowdown. (Notice the subtle change of style. I am now talking out of the corner of my typewriter.)

But, since boxing fans know that story, and the rest, who used to include me, don't care, I will lay off it.

It was the unfamiliar atmosphere of a gymnasium that produced this corner-of-typewriter effect—not Pappy and Freddie themselves. Gentler fellows you could not wish to meet. The same applies to Jimmy Carruthers.

Pappy, with his pale face and mournful eyes, looks almost delicate. The normal female reaction would be to give the boy a good meal.

That, of course, is why boxers have trainers—to protect them from such impulses.

A boxer's manager and/or his trainer looks after him like a mother.

"Even better than a mother," Dr. J. J. McGirr, Carruthers' manager, told me. "Take Billy McConnell, Carruthers' trainer. He won't drink when Jimmy is with him in case it makes Jimmy wish he could have a drink."

I talked to Pappy and Freddie in a dressing-room at McQuillan's gymnasium, Newtown. Pappy lay relaxed on a couch, Freddie sat by in a red-and-yellow silk dressing-gown.

Present at the interview was a sort of Greek chorus comprised of Chris Cline, Pappy's American manager, Joe Lynch, Freddie's manager, and some assorted listeners-in.

Joe Lynch is a good-looking fellow who doubled Robert Taylor's fight scenes in "The Crowd Roars," later became a boxing promoter in Honolulu and Los Angeles.

Chris Cline, dark haired and dapper, has been in the boxing world all his life—"on and off. I quit and I come back. Take my advice and stay out of the fight game."

"This boy here, he's easy to manage. Good boxers are always easy to manage." (The rest of the Greek chorus nodded their heads.) "Had a fellow once though—Red-top Davis. You know Red-top Davis." (This last to the room at large, not to me.)

"When did you have Red-top Davis?" asked Freddie.

"Had him when he was called Sugar Caine. Ran out on his contract and went to New York. Changed his name. Dyed his hair red. I went to New York and people said to me, 'You know your guy's fighting?' Changed his name." I said "Ah, let him go!" Of course, the Guild wasn't good like it is now.

"The Guild," Freddie put in kindly, turning to me. "The Managers' Guild."

"Glad to be rid of him," went on Cline. "Wouldn't even get out of bed in the morning. In the middle of the night sometimes his wife would ring up and ask me where he was. As if I knew. Couldn't stand that."

THESE boys I am meeting, you follow me, are not like this Red-top Davis character.

Freddie and Pappy don't need to be told what to eat and when to get up.

Are they conscious of the audience at a fight?

"Well, when you hear 'em roar, it can make you feel good," said Pappy. "They can cheer you home."

"I never hear nothing," says Freddie. "I'm watching that other guy."

By now the Greek chorus is in the middle of an animated argument. Freddie, who is telling me that he has been learning the piano for two months

and can play two pieces, "You Belong To Me" and "That's My Desire," breaks off when he hears the name of George Arujo, another American boxer, mentioned.

"Arr, that Arujo," says Freddie scornfully. "He runs. He runs like a thief. He's a Fancy Dan."

"Runs round the ring instead of getting in and fighting," explains an onlooker. "Fancy Dans or Cuties, they're called."

Pappy's eyes begin to droop. They open politely when I ask Freddie do boxers worry much about the chance of getting badly hurt.

"If a guy knows what he's doing, knows his job, he don't have to worry," Freddie answers.

"Like Freddie says, you don't have to worry if you're in good shape," assents Pappy and closes his eyes again.

"DO you sleep as easily as he does?" I ask Freddie.

"Pretty easy," says Freddie. "A couple of hours before breakfast, after some roadwork. About three hours round lunchtime."

"This boy of mine," puts in Chris Cline. "He's the best sleeper I know. Slept all the way from New York to Shannon when we flew to Paris. Didn't you, Pappy?" prodding him.

But Pappy was sound asleep. I can take a hint.

Their capacity for sleeping any time interested me, as it is the only trait that I have in common with boxers.

I asked Dr. J. J. McGirr about it next day. He was with trainer Billy McConnell and Jimmy at a luncheon for which Jimmy emerged briefly from pre-fight seclusion.

"Boxers can always sleep," he said. "It's their trainers and managers who don't."

"Nerves? All boxers will tell you they're never nervous. It's true of the good ones. True of Jimmy."

Jimmy, fair-haired, dressed up for the luncheon in his neat dark suit and bow tie, bore out all that was said of him—a calm, modest, confident boy.

"Did you know," Chris Cline had informed me earlier, "that since we got here the betting on Carruthers has dropped? It's still two to one on. But it was six to one on at first."

"Really?" I had said with the intelligent look which I try to use for such information.

But if I were a betting woman my money would be on Carruthers.

And how, you might ask, does one who wouldn't know a left hook if it hit her, have the effrontery to make that pronouncement?

How does a woman pick a Melbourne Cup winner? Hunch, of course.



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IN CRISP, EASY-TO-WASH

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400

WE REPLACE IF DISSATISFIED

CROSS UNVEILED



NATIVE BAND at Batibum village, near Lae, plays the National Anthem to welcome the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, on his arrival to meet the Luluais, or head men, of adjacent villages. The band uses large, pierced shells as tuneful musical instruments.

IN an impressive ceremony at Lae, New Guinea, the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, dedicated the war cemetery and unveiled the beautiful Cross of Sacrifice outside the Hall of Remembrance in the cemetery grounds, where thousands of Australian servicemen killed in World War II are buried. Some of the parents of the servicemen were among the official guests at the ceremony.

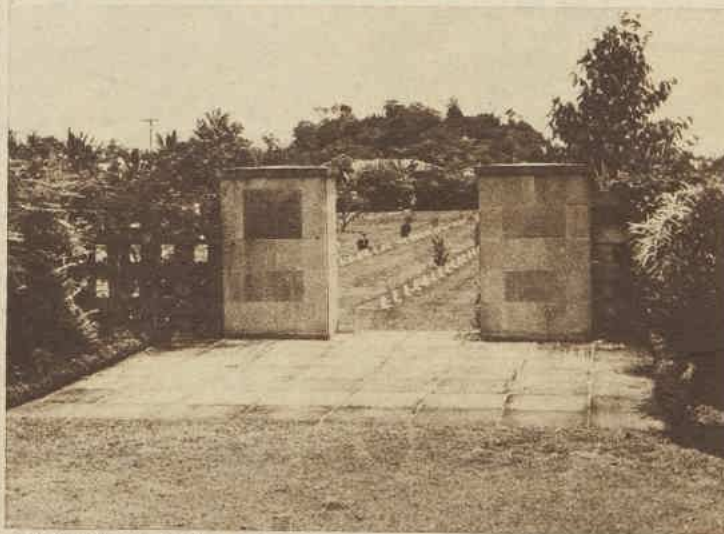
After the unveiling, Sir William Slim inspected the well-tended grounds with their lovely gardens



MAJESTIC Cross of Sacrifice dominates the beautiful gardens of the Lae cemetery.

filled with flowers and flowering shrubs. Later in the day he visited a native village, where he met the Luluais, or head men, of the district, who proudly shook hands with "Number One Master belong Australia."

Sir William made a speech to the natives which was interpreted into their own language by Mr. W. Searle. Sir William explained the significance of the unveiling ceremony, praised the part the natives played in the war, and told of the future work they could do to help their country.



ENTRANCE to the Indian section at the war cemetery at Lae is planted on each side with beautiful flowering shrubs. Four hundred and thirty-one soldiers from India, killed in fighting the Japanese in the New Guinea campaigns, are buried in the cemetery.

Honor to war dead



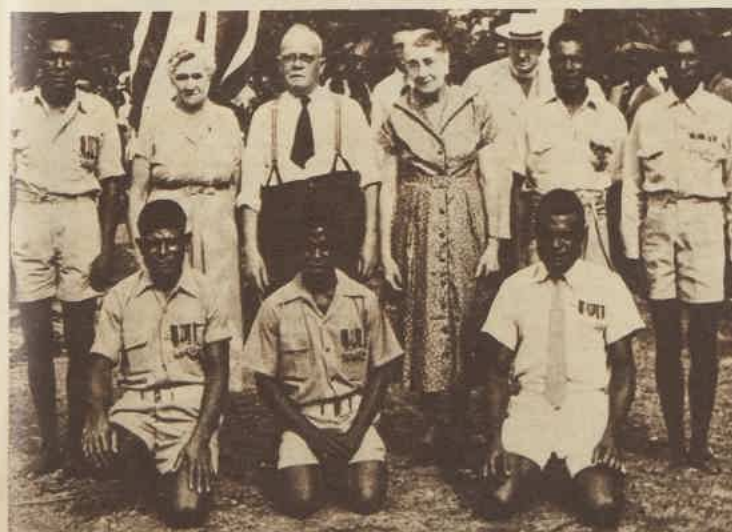
WITH ARMS REVERSED a sentry stands beside the Cross of Sacrifice and native guards (in background) present arms as the Governor-General, Sir William Slim (right), steps forward to perform the unveiling ceremony at the beautiful war cemetery at Lae.



SING-SING DANCER welcomes Sir William Slim to Batubum village. Sir William Slim (left) salutes as the National Anthem is played. At right is Mr. W. Searle.



GRAVES INSPECTED by Sir William Slim (left) and Brigadier I. Brown, War Graves official.



PARENTS of V.C. winners buried in New Guinea cemeteries are photographed with native medal-winners. Parents are (from left) Mrs. A. French, of Crow's Nest, Queensland; Mr. A. J. Chowene, of Willoughby, N.S.W., and Mrs. M. Newton, of St. Kilda, Victoria.

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H251—"Hollywood-Maxwell" bra in pink, white or black nylon, with "criss-cross" ribbon front. Also available in long-lasting pink or white lace. Made to fit A, B and C cups. Sizes 30"-38". Nylon, 34/6. Lace, 27/6.

H333—"Hollywood-Maxwell" strapless plunge bra. Waist depth, whirlpool stitched in the Hollywood manner. Made to fit B and C cups in pink, white or black satin, with nylon marquisette. Sizes 30"-38". 75/6.
Similar for CC cup to size 40". 84/-.

H279—"Hollywood-Maxwell" waist depth bra in pink or white nylon. Also available in cotton and in pink, white or black satin. Made to fit B, C and CC cups. Sizes 32"-44". Nylon and satin, 57/6. Cotton, 34/6 and 39/6.

FESTIVITIES OF GALA CUP WEEK: Color pictures overleaf . . .



AT FLEMINGTON ON CUP DAY. From left: The U.S. Consul-General, Mr. Henry J. Stebbins, the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Amos J. Peaslee, Mrs. Peaslee, and Mrs. Stebbins. Both Mrs. Peaslee and Mrs. Stebbins pinned orchids to the necklines of smart black frocks.



UNDER A FLORAL HORSESHOE. Mrs. Simon Warrender (left), the Hon. Simon Warrender, Mrs. Billie Baragwanath, and Miss Judy Hutchinson were among guests at the Lucky Horseshoe dinner dance at Ciro's on Cup eve.



LACE SUNSHADE was carried by Mrs. Clive Carney, one of the many Sydney visitors who were at Flemington for the Melbourne Cup.



PRETTY Diana Berkman pinned daisies to the waistline of the yellow frock she wore to the Cup, and added a matching bonnet.



LUNCHEON GUESTS. Mr. John Goodwin (left), Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. F. E. Bishop, of "Bando," Gunnedah, Mr. Neville Bishop, and Mrs. Harold Bishop at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Newton at their Mount Macedon home last Sunday.



ON BOARD H.M.A.S. AUSTRALIA. Mrs. Peter Gillies (left), Lieut.-Commander Gillies, and Mrs. Adrian Schrader, who was formerly Patricia Hunt, of Sydney, at the Cup eve party given in the wardroom by the ship's officers.



MATCHBOX suit, velvet-trimmed, was the choice of Mrs. Charles Parsons to wear to the Cup. She wore a small pillbox hat.

MELBOURNE RACE CARNIVAL



OUTSTANDING among the many smart racegoers who were at Flemington for the Derby was Miss Joan Joyce. She wore a scarlet woollen cap with her ocelot coat.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. Rupert Downes, of Melbourne, with her daughter, Mrs. John House, of Canberra. Emine tails trimmed Mrs. House's smart black suit.



BLACK-AND-WHITE spotted tie silk made the attractive frock chosen by Mrs. Ronald Nott for the races. With it she wore a cardinal-red pillbox hat and black accessories.



WHITE UMBRELLA carried by Mrs. Tom Carlyon (left) matched the white hat which she wore with her green suit. With her was Mrs. Rupert Moses, of Singleton, N.S.W.



GREY TOPPER. Mr. Philip Russell was among the many male punters who wore toppers. His wife wore a shell hat, feather-trimmed, to match her smart shantung suit.



BACK FROM ABROAD. Mrs. Maurice Nathan, who has just returned from a trip overseas, wore a Paris hat and coat and carried a scarlet handbag bought in New York.



PICNIC LUNCH. As usual, many people took picnic lunches in their cars to the Cup Week race meetings at Flemington. In the picture, from left: Mrs. F. Gilder, Mrs. Jack Cramer Roberts, of Casterton, Victoria, Mrs. R. Macpherson, and Mrs. N. Russell.



ARRIVING AT THE COURSE. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood attended the Derby with Mrs. Wood's mother, Mrs. M. A. Lyle, of Ross Bay, Sydney. Visitors from all States were in Melbourne for the Cup festivities. Pictures by staff photographer Robert Cleland.

Derby Eve ball held at lovely home

● This year the Derby Eve dinner dance, always one of the gayest parties in Cup week, was held at the Toorak home of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Miller. Nearly 400 guests attended, paying five guineas each to aid the Victorian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Drinks were served in the house, then the buffet dinner and dancing followed in a pink-lined marquee decorated with horses' heads and jockey caps. Charcoal braziers lined the path from the house to the marquee in the garden.



WHITE LACE AND ORGANZA made the dress worn by Mrs. Claudia Creswick, one of the committee members. With her in the picture is Mr. Jack Cramer Roberts, of "Casterton," Victoria. Mrs. Creswick's gown was one of the smartest worn at the dance.



RECENTLY ENGAGED, Miss Elizabeth Latham, of "Ellerston," Scone, N.S.W. (centre), and her fiance, Mr. John Scott Waine, of Warracoe, Sydney, with Mrs. Trevor Clarke, of Dunkeld, Victoria. Mrs. Clarke's frock was of organza trimmed with green faille.

TRIO between dances: Mr. J. Richards (left), with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Faulkner. Mrs. Faulkner wore a beautiful gown of tiered white tulle.



HOSTESS Mrs. Ian Miller (right), with Mr. and Mrs. David Wood, of Berwick, Victoria. Because of the crowded rooms, Mrs. Miller later changed from her bouffant blue gown to a white ballerina dress.



ABOVE: Miss Sara Hordern (left), of Sydney, wearing a Paris gown, with Miss Jennifer Chapman. AT RIGHT: Miss Joan Bunnell warming her hands at a charcoal brazier.



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FOR COUGHS, COLDS & FLU	
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Bronchitis Mixture	3/9, 6/3
NYAL Children's Cough Mixture	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Eucalypti	3/9, 6/3, 1/6
NYAL Cough Mixture	4/3
NYAL Honey Cough Elixir	3/6
NYAL Quinine Tonic Mixture	4/9
NYAL Whooping Cough Syrup	3/6
FIRST AID NEEDS	
NYAL Antiseptic Dressing	2/6
NYAL Antiseptic Ointment	2/9
NYAL Sunburn Cream	3/6
NYAL White Liniment	3/6, 5/6
NYAL Zinc Cream	2/3
WINTER MEDICINES	
NYAL Children's Pain	2/9
NYAL Cold Sore Cream	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion	2/3
NYAL Croup Ointment	2/9
NYAL Sore Throat Gargle	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Nudges	1/6, 2/6
NYAL Sore Throat Tablets	1/11, 2/9
BABY NEEDS	
NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream	2/3
NYAL Soothing Syrup	2/6
NYAL Teething Powders	3/6
NYAL Warm Syrup	3/9
NYAL Baby Soap	1/11
NYAL Baby Oil	2/9

Worth Reporting

WHEN Mrs. S. Allen, of Lithgow, was making Marjorie Jackson's lovely wedding gown, it occurred to her how many people would like to have a snippet of the material as a memento.

She thought, too, how nice it would be if in some way the Church of England, for which both she and Marjorie were workers, could benefit, too.

The result is a gilt-lettered wedding souvenir, autographed by Marjorie, with a snippet of her wedding dress attached, and a wedding photograph.

Many people are ordering them by the dozen, Mrs. Allen said, and will send them overseas as Christmas cards. They may be obtained from Mrs. S. Allen, 30 Brown St., Lithgow, and are priced at 3/- each, or 3/3 posted.

They will also be on sale at the St. Paul's Church of England Fair at Lithgow on November 14. Marjorie's wedding frock, the bridesmaids' frocks, and Marjorie's medals and souvenirs will also be on show.

Proceeds will benefit renovations to the Extension Sunday School, where Marjorie used to teach, the Wetherby Memorial, the new church being built at Littleton, and repairs to St. Paul's in the main parish of Lithgow, chosen by Marjorie for her wedding.

OVERHEARD in the tram.

We were sitting in a tram going down town the other day when a slashing new sports car shot across in front of us. From the seat behind came two feminine voices: "That's a T.D., I bet," said one female voice. "Oh, don't be silly, it is only a T.C.," it has two wheels, I can tell." An argument started on the merits of the different models of this particular sports buggy.

We looked round to see what the sporting women who knew so much about cars looked like, and were a bit shaken to see two white-haired women well on in their sixties.



"I can't get that report card back for you... you gave me an A in something and they're still posting it to relations."

Ambitions of "Mr. Sydney"

WINNER of the "Mr. Sydney" physique contest, 21-year-old John Penman, is a body-building veteran of six years standing who started to concentrate on his muscles because he was self-conscious about being skinny as a boy. In his home town of Wellington, New Zealand, John started wrestling when a mere seven stone, noticed the improvement in his muscles, and decided to concentrate on muscular development from then on.

We met him at Leichhardt Town Hall during Health Week preparing to take part in an exhibition on muscle flexing and weight lifting.

He won the competition from 24 other contestants on "symmetry in proportion," "physical and muscular development," "classical posing," "general relaxed posture," "physical efficiency and vitality," and a general good standard of face, skin, hair, teeth, cleanliness, and attire.

His ambition is to travel all over the world giving exhibitions of body building, enter the Mr. World competition, and eventually return to Wellington to start his own gymnasium.

"We New Zealanders have an advantage, of course, because we have richer food to eat," he said. "I'm 13 stone now and that's good going."

Airmen's graves in Bavarian Tyrol

FACING snow-capped peaks in the Bavarian Tyrol is the Durnbach British War Cemetery, where 2000 British and Commonwealth airmen are buried.

Miss Phyllis Hawtree, of Artarmon, N.S.W., who visited the cemetery last year, told us that in front of each of the 2000 crosses grows an Orange Triumph rose bush, as well as clumps of English primroses.

Surrounded on three sides by tall pine trees, the cemetery is bounded on the fourth by stone pillars and a wrought-iron gateway.

Miss Hawtree, who made the journey to see the grave of a Sydney pilot, was just leaving the cemetery when a German spoke to her.

"War is a dreadful thing," he said, "would you mind shaking hands with me?"

HOPALONG CASSIDY, on top in most situations, seems to be underfoot in Australia. Floor rugs featuring his face complete with dark eyebrows and with the well-known black hat on his head are now selling in Sydney stores. His famous white horse is also on the mat.

Surf slang glossary

KNOW what a "Noah" is? We didn't until we started compiling a glossary of surfing slang, and found that a "Noah" is a shark. (That is a bit of rhyming slang—"Shark"—Noah's Ark.)

Those swimmers who go in for frogmen's flippers are called "aquamen"; surfboards are "planks"; a small wave is "a boy's wave"; an unbroken wave is a "greenie"; and if you're dumped you "go down the mine."

On a calm day, swimmers who want a shoot cry, "Send them up, Hughie," and if a good shoot is sighted, surfers yell, "Out the back."

"Pikers," we discovered, are people who start going in on a big wave, and jib at it at the last minute.

"Pikers" is the word that applies to us.

★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): November 10 could embroil you with friends or associates. Absent-mindedness could bring about minor accidents. November 13 may drop a gift in your lap.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): If your hopes soar, November 10, be prepared for mix-ups and muddles on November 12. By the end of the week, however, you'll more than regain lost ground.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): The business front is highlighted, November 12, with decisions to be made. November 14 beams on excursions into fresh territory, also outdoor sports.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If young and impressionable, November 11 is all moonlight and roses. Elders enjoy social activity. On November 14 arrangements may be cancelled or disappointing.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Watch your interests carefully, November 14. Don't take on more than you can reasonably handle. November 15 has a happy bit of news.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Distrust gossip from the fellow who has the inside track, November 14. Postpone any important decision until November 16, when your judgment will be sound.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Don't lend money or an article of value to a friend, November 12, and don't borrow; otherwise a friendship may be broken. November 15 is fine for pleasure-seekers.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Step out with confidence, November 10. Your plans should succeed. Don't bank heavily on November 12's possibilities; there are factors which could defeat your project.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Arrangements for a happy weekend can be made on November 11. But many will suffer from Mondayitis on November 16.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Just when everything seems fine, November 10, you may stub your toe. November 12. Let November 15 repair the damage.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If you decline a proposition made on November 12 you receive a much better offer, November 15.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Friends may inspire you with a brand-new idea, November 14. Investigate possibilities November 16.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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TAUGHT to DANCE

Arthur Murray taught
me dancing in a hurry
—and I'm still breathless

FIVE million pupils have danced to the tune of Arthur Murray, who controls 309 dance studios all over the world, has his headquarters in New York, is an American millionaire, and has just opened the first Australian Arthur Murray studio in Sydney.

In three lessons, supervised by Mr. Ervin Christen, the director of the Sydney studio, I had a crack at the foxtrot (magic step, forward, back) and the magic left turn.

English instructor Mr. Harry Bentham piloted me through the waltz (left and right box turns, balance steps in four directions) before we staccato-stepped into the rhumba box.

Then we glided into the tango (promenades, four variations, medio corte—rocking steps—and tango close) before putting on pace for the samba.

"The samba," announced Mr. Bentham, "is a dance of abandonment. Smile, Miss Frizell!"

Miss Frizell smiled, and got weaving with an American caixo (pronounced cai-ee-sho), some balancetes, a Copacabana, and Brazilian caixo.

After my first free lesson in the studio Mr. Christen gave me my dancing analysis card. It read:

Rhythm—Very good.
Balance—Weak.
Variety—Limited.
Animation—Very good.
Self-confidence (you grade yourself on this)—OK with good partner.
Natural ability—Good.
Following—Fair in foxtrot and waltz. Other dances, poor.
Style—Will develop.
Posture—OK, with more forward for dancing.
That meant forward lean.

"Don't lean so far back," said Mr. Christen. "Come closer. It's more relaxed that way."

The studio where I was concentrating on footwork is as colorful as the cuidado step in the samba—which I didn't learn.

Walls and ceilings are pink, orange, and yellow. Great roof-to-floor mirrors reflect the tentative moves of beginners and the snake-hipped figure of dark-haired American Christen, whose fast talking keeps pace with the hot rhythm of the rhumba.

"We all have rhythm," said Mr. Christen, "otherwise we couldn't walk down the street. Learning to dance just kinda develops that rhythm, and the Arthur Murray method develops it the best way, I think."

"Arthur Murray is a fabulous character, yet when he was a boy he had an inferiority complex and a stutter," Mr. Christen went on.

"Then he took some dancing lessons, got confidence, and thought: 'If dancing does this for me, what would it do for

the world?' So he sat down, wrote a book, and made his first two million dollars. He doesn't stutter now."

"He started studios 34 years ago and married Mrs. Murray. She's another fabulous person, gives lessons on TV, all that sorta thing."

"Methods used in the A.M. (meaning Arthur Murray) studios are the same all over the world, so, for instance, if you were to go to Vellejo, California, you'd find the same

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

set-up and the same steps being taught.

"First of all the pupil comes along, enrolls, has a free lesson, and gets an analysis card, just like yours. We ask why he wants to learn dancing and check off any of 21 points. Check some for yourself on this list."

Mr. Christen handed me a folder which bore the Arthur Murray crest—a horse playing a trumpet standing on top of a shield which encages a lion rampant, and the inscription, "Leadership, Authority."

Reasons for wanting to learn included having fun, exercise, relaxation, gaining self-confidence, grace and poise, social



TEACHER Harry Bentham and staff reporter Helen Frizell finish lessons with a Tango Close at the Arthur Murray studio in Sydney.

ease and assurance, pleasing a particular person, being invited to more parties, making business contacts, and improving oneself.

I chose the lot. After filling in the form the beginner is taken into a private room with parquet flooring, mirrors, a gramophone and records, and a door with a peephole.

While pupil and instructor go on with lessons, supervisor Mr. Christen or his slender wife, Lucile, can look through the peephole.

All Arthur Murray studios, from New York headquarters on, have peepholes in the doors.

These ensure that lessons won't be interrupted when Mr. Christen checks whether pupil and instructor have that "warm feeling of co-operation," and no "clash of personality."

After the first few lessons pupils are taken out on to the ballroom floor, where they continue their series of 20 lessons.

Out on the floor I manoeuvred round with Mr. Bentham, asking, as I danced, whether instructors who taught

... IN A HURRY



"SIGN HERE," says receptionist Miss Margaret Seymour to prospective pupil Miss Pat Nader, of Roseville, N.S.W. Looking on is Mr. Ervin Christen, who manages the Arthur Murray studio in Sydney. The studio has 12 male and 14 female dancing instructors.

all day ever had trouble with their feet.

"I have no trouble," answered Mr. Bentham, doing a side-close-step. "As a matter of fact, my feet have never been better. Until I took to teaching dancing, I had calluses on both soles. They're worn off now."

Instructors and instructresses are adept at keeping their feet clear of a clumsy pupil, who may be dancing for the first time. They have different methods of guiding the partner, whom they steer by a hand round the waist, a grip on the wrist, a slight push with the shoulder, or by what is termed "body guidance."

Pupils work hard and pay attention, according to Mr. Christen.

"Though you do strike the kind who come in, have one lesson, and then think they can tell the instructor how to dance," he said.

Trained instructors

IN the Sydney studio there are 14 female and 12 male instructors. They were chosen from 400 Australian applicants after vocational guidance and intelligence tests, and a careful assessment of their common-sense, appearance, and dancing talent.

"We're very particular about whom we choose," Lucile Christen told me, "and about the clothes instructresses wear. They usually dress in pretty silks or cottons. We bar sweaters, strapless tops, and slinky skirts."

The 26 instructors (male and female) were taught the complete Arthur Murray method and also trained in speech confidence.

"Many of them became too talkative. I had trouble shutting them up," remarked Mr. Christen, who gave up a career in electrical engineering at Ohio State University in favor of dancing.

At the Vellejo, Cal., studio he met his wife, who came with him and their baby son, Tommy, to Sydney in June this year.

Mr. Christen hopes that



TECHNIQUE of the foxtrot is demonstrated by instructors Miss Shirley Travis and Mr. Lionel Lawson, while pupil Mr. Douglas Martin, of Glebe, Sydney, looks on attentively.

Australians will be able soon to join in Arthur Murray's "life-membership" scheme.

For a minimum of 8000 dollars (roughly £3500) members can have 1000 lessons, plus 24 one-hour lessons a year thereafter until death. The scheme is very popular in America and has hundreds of subscribers.

Life members receive a personal letter, an engraved card from Arthur Murray, and a gold badge portraying a dancing couple.

But for the time being Mr. Christen is concentrating on ordinary pupils, taking those under 21 only if they enrol in the company of a parent. Soon he hopes to start a Saturday afternoon for teenagers.

When I left the A.M. studio I knew I had only begun to dance. Ahead of the others lay steps called "Fall-Away Twinkles," "The Grapevine," "Flirtation Break—simple and advanced," "Scallops," "Mam-

bo Drags," "Conversation Corkscrew," "Pivots Canter," and the "Sugar Push" as well as exotic movements in samba and tango, termed "Botofogo com Batuque," "Debaixo Rolunda," "Volta Completa," "La Cabanera," "Paseo Ocho," "La Rueda," and "La Cobra."

"Three lessons aren't enough," said Mr. Christen as I said goodbye to him and to Mr. Bentham after our last breathless encounter.

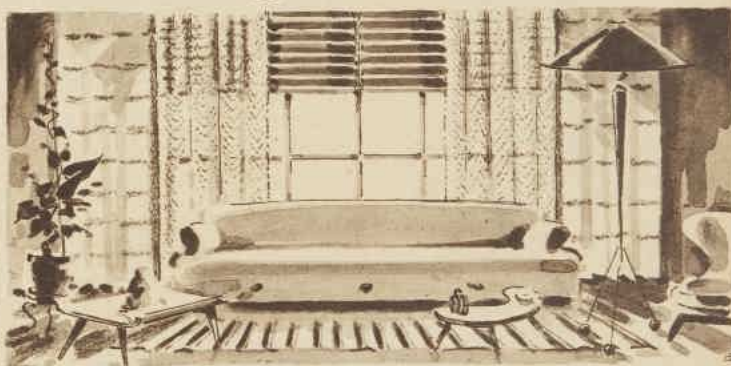
"You're just getting the idea now, but you're far from knowing all about the samba, for instance," he went on in a prophetic tone. "Now, if everyone at the paper where you work knew you were a fine samba dancer, the word would go round and you'd start getting invitations to go out samba-ing."

Footnote. Mr. Christen didn't now how right he was. There was one invitation which I couldn't accept. To quote my analysis card. "I'm only OK with a good partner."

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drying, and stays on! And Angel Face is
made to order for handbag use — I carry
mine constantly!" says

MRS. JOHN A. ROOSEVELT. AF31/R

DRESS SENSE

• The summer house-
gown illustrated below is
designed for a reader who
asked for a pretty dressing-
gown which would be suit-
able for hot weather.

HERE is her letter and
also other letters I
have selected from this
week's fashion mail.

"I am anxious to obtain a
design and paper pattern for
a summer dressing-gown. I
want the gown to be pretty as
well as cool, as I am a femi-
nine type. I would also like a
pretty trimming."

The summer gown I have
chosen in response to this re-
quest is illustrated, right. The
nylon net trim and cape col-
lar are characteristic of sum-
mer lingerie fashions. The
gown could be made in nylon
or fine cotton lawn. Both have
feminine appeal and at the
same time are practical enough
to go happily into the wash.

A paper pattern for the de-
sign is obtainable in sizes 32in.
to 38in. bust. See caption
at right of sketch for details
and how to order.

"Would white linen be
suitable for a jacket to
wear with a slim black
skirt?"

Yes, it would. Prin-
cess Margaret wore a
white belted jacket
and black skirt en-
semble for her trip
by air to Norway
for the wedding of her cousin,
Princess Ragnhild, at Oslo.
Black and white has become a
summer favorite. Princess
Margaret completed her black
and white ensemble with a
black velvet beret and black
accessories.

"Would it be possible for
you to tell me the newest
colors for next autumn? I
would be grateful for this in-
formation as I am planning
clothes for my trousseau and
want everything correct."

Chocolate, chestnut, brandy,
alabaster, honey, fireman-red,
and steel-grey will head the
autumn color chart for day-
time fashions. Brown com-
bined with beige and brown
with black are new color com-
binations to watch. Brown-
and-white tweed and a brown
tweed flecked with blue are
also important. For the even-
ing white alone, white with
soft blush-pink, and white
with black lead the color
field.

"As I cannot afford special
maternity clothes I was won-
dering whether there is any
type of style I could wear
during pregnancy and after
my baby is born. I am in my
20's and like smart styles.
Normally I am tall and slim."

I suggest a chemise dress
or a coat-dress cut on boxy
chemise style lines. The
chemise dress is very popular
in New York, where maternity
fashions are an extremely
specialised branch of fashion.
The "chemise" can be worn
all through pregnancy (belted
early, loose later on); it can
also be worn after the event.

Example: Narrow pleats



D.S.60. — Summer
dressing-gown obtain-
able in sizes 32in. to
38in. bust. Requires
5yds. 36in. material,
3yd. 36in. nylon net,
2yds. lace edging. Price,
4/6. Patterns may be
obtained from Mrs.
Betty Keep, Dress
Sense, Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney.

hauging straight from an oval
bodice yoke, the neckline
finished with a white collar,
which can be removed for
laundering.

The dress could be made in
a dark shade of fine cotton.
Either midnight-blue or a deep
raspberry-red would be an ex-
cellent choice. The ensemble
could be completed with a
large white cartwheel hat and
white bag, shoes, and gloves.

"Would you give me a
couple of ideas for a red-and-
white check cotton gingham
frock? I want it to wear for
informal summer parties."

A square-necked sleeveless
blouse and full gathered skirt

by

Betty Keep

both trimmed with black rick-
rack braid and joined with a
wide black patent leather belt
would be one way to treat
your gingham. A second idea
is a one-piece dress, the bodice
top finished with a scooped
neckline and tiny puffed
sleeves, and the skirt bouffant.
For the trim a self-material
baby pleated edge for neck-
line, sleeves, and hem top.

"I have two problems I
hope you will help me with.
The first is a color and
material for a stole suitable
for a coral-red lace evening
frock. My second problem is
how to introduce color into

an elephant-grey coat and
frock ensemble. The frock is
made in chiffon and the coat
in fine wool. I like very strik-
ing shades."

A large white floor-length
taffeta stole worn with your
coral-red lace evening dress
would look striking and ex-
tremely unusual. Tangerine
is a very chic color with the
shade of grey you have chosen
for the coat and dress en-
semble. For the latter I sug-
gest the coat lining in tan-
gerine taffeta, and the grey
chiffon dress mounted over the
same color and material.

"Will you please give me an
idea for a hat to wear when
I am attending my sister as
her matron of honor? My
dress is a very pale shade of
mauve pink crepe. I cannot
wear a large shape as I am
rather short."

My suggestion is a shell-
shaped cap made in multi-
colored leaves. Have the
leaves in shades of violet, pale
pink, grey, and coral, and
mounted on coarse net.

"Which is the most fash-
ionable line for the daytime, a
narrow or wide skirt?"

It depends on the time of
day. Broadly speaking, a reed-
slim silhouette is the newest
daytime line for general wear.
However, the majority of
dresses designed for 5 p.m.
and later have "belled" out
skirts or some type of skirt
width. By the way, fabric
and color are important to
add interest to a slim sil-
houette.

Women's air race "bigger in 1954"

Pilots' conference chooses Sydney as new terminus

By FREDA YOUNG, staff reporter

Sydney will be the terminus of next year's air race for women pilots. For this reason the organisers expect more women to enter, one of this year's Sydney competitors, Miss Sonja Havard, said. South Australians did not enter this year because the race ended in their own city, she added.

THE great public interest aroused by this year's race should also bring in more women competitors, Miss Havard said.

"Experience gained this year will be very valuable next year. Our biggest snag was the lack of navigation check points when flying over the isolated bush areas of New South Wales and South Australia."

Aviation history was made when members of the Australian Women Pilots' Association staged this year's race—the first for women pilots held in the Commonwealth—as a prelude to their third annual conference in Adelaide.

More than 50 women came from all over the continent to discuss pertinent matters, and race competitors from three States flew nine small planes into the flower-girt Parafield aerodrome, near Adelaide.

Despite the fact that many of the women did come in small aircraft, they were the best-dressed delegates to a women's conference Adelaide has seen for a long time.

They all seemed to have different, elegant clothes. And from the way they conducted their conference you could see that they knew where they were going.

It was thrilling to see the masterly manner in which the women of varying ages and temperaments managed their divers types of tiny aircraft.

Winner of the race, Mrs. Hazel Roberts, of Ennis Downs station, North Queensland, has two children, Diane, aged 10, and Harold, 8, who do a lot of flying with their mother.

She brought her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Clifford, of "Bethel," Maxwellton, Qld., and Mr. Jack Morton, of "Bundoran," Nonda, Qld., on their first much-looked-for

visit to Adelaide in her lovely Beechcraft.

This is her third plane. The first was a Tiger Moth, the second a Proctor.

Mrs. Roberts is a most experienced airwoman and takes her husband out perhaps 400 miles to inspect stock. Often she flies into Normanton, a couple of hundred miles away, to get fresh fish for her family.

During the wet season, when properties become isolated by floods, she will drop mail to the neighbors way out in the Gulf country.

Instead of bringing her Moth Minor to Adelaide, Mrs. Gertrude McKenzie brought a pair of much-bruised legs to tell the story of her crash at Nhill en route.

"I felt no shock, only grief at damaging my nice little plane," she said.

"My passenger, student-pilot Beryl Young, did not realise that we had crashed and was quite surprised when I told her she had better get out."

"What an eternity I lived in those split seconds in which I was trying to pull the nose up!"

Mrs. McKenzie runs a flying club, "The Gulls," at Moorabbin, Vic., and a flying school.

Young competitor

ALL but one plane brought passengers, the only exception being attractive young Roma Johnston, who flew her open Tiger Moth solo from Wangaratta, Victoria, and arrived happy but frozen stiff after 6.50 hours' flying time.

Roma has been flying four years and knows quite a bit about planes. When she's not helping her father on his sheep property she works at an aerodrome in Albury, N.S.W., as a trainee-assistant engineer.

Women whose names are already famous for their fly-



ON THE TARMAC at Parafield aerodrome, S.A., are Mrs. Gertrude McKenzie, of Melbourne (right), and Mrs. Belle Johnson, of Perth, who came by airliner to Adelaide.

ing achievements included Mrs. R. G. Casey, wife of the Minister for the Exterior, who is the association patron; Mrs. Charles Walton, of Sydney, the founder and Federal president, who still sometimes flies outback for the Far West Children's Health Scheme; Mrs. Harry Bonney, of Queensland, recently back from the U.S. and the only pilot to have flown solo from Australia to South Africa; and Freda Thompson, of Victoria, one of the earliest women to qualify for a licence and one of Australia's most experienced cross-country fliers.

Mrs. Casey, who has the most stylish aircraft—known to her as "Able Dog Fox"—a high-winged American Fairchild monoplane fitted with two-way radio, flew 504 miles from her home before the others and was on the tarmac, the personification of chic, to meet all the planes coming in.

Mrs. Walton, who gained her licence in 1933, and the Federal secretary, Mrs. W. E. Gardner, who got hers in 1929, came from Sydney by car and were at the aerodrome early to check in the contestants.



HAPPY North Queensland group includes the winner of the air race, Mrs. Hazel Roberts, of Ennis Downs station; her father, Mr. F. W. Clifford; and Mr. Jack Morton.

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"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

An individually made gift never fails to convey a very warm greeting. Here are suggestions and full instructions for making nine varied and attractive Christmas gifts.



SANTA CLAUS

CARRYING a gift-laden sack, this knitted novelty will please young and old.

Materials: 2oz. Patons "Beehive" fingering 4-ply "Patonised" fawn (shade 5); 2oz. red (shade 36); 1oz. white (shade 51); 1oz. black (shade 32); small quantity green (shade 1080); 1 pair No. 10 knitting needles; 1 pair eyes; red felt for mouth; cotton-wool for beard, hair, and eyebrows. Filling.

Measurements: Length, 15in.; tension, $5\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to lin.
N.B.: Use wool double throughout.

LEGS

Using fawn wool, cast on 16 sts. and work 10 rows in st-st. Cont. in st-st., inc. once each end of 7th and every following 6th row until there are 26 sts. Purl 1 row. Cast off.

Make another piece in same manner.

BODY

Using fawn wool, cast on 22 sts. and work 36 rows in st-st. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows; cast off rem. sts.

Work another piece in same manner.

HEAD

Using fawn wool, cast on 11 sts. and k 1 row. Cont. in st-st., inc. once each end of next and following alt. rows four times. Work 11 rows without shaping, then dec. each end of every alt. row until 19 sts. rem. Work 2 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Work another piece in same manner.

ARMS

Using fawn wool, cast on 7 sts. and k 1 row.

Cont. in st-st., inc. once each end of every alt. row until there are 19 sts. Work 6 rows without shaping, then dec. once each

Please turn to page 40

PETER RABBIT

TODDLERS will like this cuddly toy.

Materials: 2oz. Patons "Beehive" fingering 4-ply "Patonised" white; small quantity pink for ears and tie (this is the only wool which should be used); filling; 1 pair eyes; 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles.

Measurement: Length, 13in.
Tension: 7 sts. to lin. in width.

Work in m-st. throughout.

THE SIDE

Cast on 41 sts. and m-st. for 12 rows.

13th Row: Cast off 12 sts. (29), m-st. to end.

M-st. 11 rows on 29 sts.

25th Row: K 2 tog. (28), m-st. to end.

26th Row: M-st. 28. Rep. 25th and 26th rows five times more (23 sts.), and m-st. 16 rows on 23 sts.

53rd Row: Inc. once at beg. (24 sts.).

54th Row: M-st. 24. Rep. 53rd and 54th rows once (25 sts.).

57th Row: Cast on 10 sts., m-st. to end (35 sts.), and m-st. 11 rows on 35 sts.

69th Row: Cast off 13 sts. and m-st. to end of row (22 sts.).

70th Row: M-st. 22.

71st Row: K 2 tog. at beg. (21 sts.).

72nd Row: M-st. 21 sts. Rep. 71st and 72nd rows twice more (19 sts.).

77th Row: Inc. once at beg. and end (21 sts.).

78th Row: M-st. 21.

79th Row: Inc. once at beg. (22 sts.).

80th Row: M-st. 22. Rep. 79th and 80th rows eight times (30 sts.). M-st. 4 rows on 30 sts.

101st Row: K 2 tog. at beg. (29 sts.).

102nd Row: M-st. 29. Rep. 101st and 102nd rows once (28 sts.).

105th Row: K 2 tog. at beg. and end (26 sts.).

106th Row: M-st. 26. Rep. 105th and 106th rows twice (22 sts.).

111th Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 7, p 3 tog., m-st. 8, k 2 tog. (18 sts.).

112th Row: M-st. 18.

113th Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 4, p 3 tog., m-st. 7, k 2 tog. (14 sts.).

114th Row: M-st. 14.

115th Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 3, p 3 tog., m-st. 4, k 2 tog., m-st. 10.

Cast off. Work other side in same manner.

FRONT

Cast on 47 sts. in white and m-st. 12 rows.

13th Row: Cast off 12 sts., m-st. to end (35 sts.).

14th Row: Cast off 12 sts. (23), m-st. to end. M-st. 12 rows on 23 sts.

27th Row: K 2 tog. each end (21 sts.).

28th Row: M-st. 21. Rep. 27th and 28th rows five times (11 sts.). M-st. 16 rows on 11 sts.

35th Row: Inc. once at beg. and end (13 sts.).

36th Row: M-st. 13. Rep. 35th and 36th rows once (15 sts.).

59th Row: Cast on 9 sts., m-st. to end (24 sts.).

60th Row: Cast on 9 sts., m-st. to end (33 sts.). M-st. 10 rows on 33 sts.

70th Row: Cast off 12, m-st. to end (21 sts.).

71st Row: Cast off 12, m-st. to end (9 sts.).

72nd Row: K 2 tog. at each end (7 sts.).

73rd Row: M-st. 7. Rep. 71st and 72nd rows twice more. Cast off.

EARS

Cast on 17 sts. and m-st. 26 rows.

27th Row: K 2 tog. at beg. and end (15 sts.).

28th Row: M-st. 15. Rep. 27th and 28th rows twice (11 sts.).

35th Row: K 2 tog., m-st. 2,

p 3 tog., m-st. 2, k 2 tog. (7 sts.).

36th Row: M-st. 7.

37th Row: K 2 tog. each end (5 sts.).

38th Row: M-st. 5. Cast off.



Make another piece in same manner.

LINING FOR EARS

(Work in st-st.) Cast on 14 sts. with pink wool. K 16 rows.

17th Row: K 2 tog. at beg. and end (12 sts.).

18th Row: P 12.

19th Row: K 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog.

20th Row: P 9.

21st Row: K 2 tog. at beg. and end (7 sts.).

22nd Row: P 7. Cast off.

To Make Up: Stitch 2 side pieces together (with seam down centre back) from cast-on edge to front neck. Stitch front piece into position. Stuff well.

Sew base into position. Sew lining to ears and attach to head. Attach eyes and embroider mouth. Make a twisted cord with pink wool and tie around neck. Make pompon and attach for tail.

POMPON BLUE-BIRD

THIS chirpy-looking blue-bird can swing on a baby's pram or playpen.

Materials: 3oz. Patons Fire-side fingering 4-ply "Patonised" wool, colored felt for trimming.

Directions: The bird is made from two pompons—one for the body and one for the head. Colored felt is used for the eyes, beak, wings, and tail.

To make pompons, cut two 3½in. diameter circles of strong cardboard with a 1in. circle in the centre of each. Place the two discs together and wind wool through the centre hole and round the outer edge of the cardboard until the centre is firmly filled. Cut wool at outside edge, slip a 9in. length of double wool between the two pieces of cardboard and tie securely. Slip cardboard out and trim pompons evenly. Make another pompon in the same way.

One skin of wool is used for the head of bird and 1½ skins for the body.



Sew two small circles of felt for eyes and an oblong piece of felt doubled in two for beak on to the head pompon, and

two pieces of felt for wings and two for tail on to body pompon. Join head to body, and crochet a small loop and sew to top of head.

CARD TABLE SET

The card enthusiast will appreciate this gaily trimmed cloth with matching serviettes. A criss-cross design of bias binding is used for the trim.

Materials: 1½yds. 36in. green linen, 12yds. each of white and dark green bias binding.

To make: Cut a 36in. square of linen for the cloth and cut remaining linen into four squares for the serviettes.

Sew a band of white binding around edges of cloth and a band of green inside the white, leaving the width of the binding between the two colors.

Make a triangle of cardboard with 3½in. sides and a 4½in. base for marking the criss-cross pattern that trims the cloth. Mark off a 2½in. square 7in. in from edges of cloth. Mark the centre point of each side of the square. Place the cardboard pattern with a base



point on this centre mark and draw the outline of the triangle twice along each side from the centre point of each side of the square. Join the triangles with a straight line at the corners to connect and complete the pattern and you have the sewing line which is to be followed with white bias binding.

The pattern for the green binding is marked by placing

the triangle with the apex above the centre point of each side of the square, and only one triangle is made each side of this centre one. This gives three triangles for the green binding that criss-cross the white. The corners for the green binding are joined in the same way as the white.

Sew an edging of white binding round each serviette.



WASTE BASKET

AN empty gallon paint-tin, covered with an easy-to-laundry cotton cover, makes a charming gift suitable for a girl's bedroom.

Materials: A paint-tin with diameter 7½ in. and depth 8½ in.; 5-8th yard check gingham; piping cord.

To Make: Open out material and cut a length 36 in. x 12 in. for body cover. Cut an 8 in. diameter circle for base.

Pipe edge of circle with string. Join side seam of body cover. Measure 2 in. down from top edge of body cover, mark and fold edge over to wrong side and hem. Sew another row of stitching ½ in. above hem to make a casing for a drawstring. Gather body cover to fit base and join. Thread a tape through the casing and pull cover up tautly over the tin. Tie drawstring around rim of tin.

TABLE SET

THE hostess who enjoys pretty table settings will appreciate this novel applique work on a set of luncheon mats and serviettes.

Colored bias binding and simple embroidery stitches are used for the design.

Materials: Bias binding in pastel shades of green, blue, mauve, pink, and yellow; colored stranded cotton.

Both the flowers and leaves are made from bias binding. The flowers are in colored binding and the leaves in green. After assembling they are appliqued on to the mat and serviette.

To make the flowers, cut binding, using the different shades, into 5 in. strips. Join ends together and gather up centre edges.

For the leaves, cut the green binding in 3 in. and 15 in. lengths (this gives a large and a small leaf). Fold outside



edges of the binding wrong sides together, then fold lengthwise in halves, mitring the tips of the leaves.

Arrange flowers and shape leaves in a pattern, tack in position, and sew to mat and serviette.

When placing leaves in position, see that the folded edges are on the outside. The centre of each leaf is embroidered with faggot stitch and flower centres are filled with French knots.



GUEST TOWEL

A DAINTY crinoline lady in colorful crochet is an unusual way to decorate a gift guest towel.

Materials: 1 ball each blue No. 459, yellow No. 582, Coats Mercer Crochet No. 40, or 1 ball each Clark's Anchor Pearl Cotton No. 8, blue No. 508, yellow No. 962; 1 skein white stranded cotton; 1 skein salmon No. 542 stranded cotton; 1 ball each Clark's Anchor Fil a Dentelles white and pink 503; Milward's Archer hook No. 5 for Coats Mercer Crochet; Milward's Archer steel hook No. 3 x 18 for Clark's Anchor Pearl Cotton; Milward's Archer steel hook No. 6 for Clark's Anchor Fil a Dentelles.

BODY

Starting at waist with blue, ch. 12.

1st Row: Tr. in 6th ch. from hook, * ch. 1, skip 1 ch., tr. in next ch., rep. from * across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: D.c. in first tr., * d.c. in next sp., d.c. in next tr. Rep. from * across, ending with d.c. in last sp., d.c. in next ch., ch. 1, turn.

3rd to 6th Rows incl.: D.c. in each d.c. across, ch. 1, turn. Break off at end of 6th row.

SKIRT

1st Row: Attach blue to opposite side of starting ch., ch. 3, tr. in same place, 2 tr. in each ch. across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Tr. in first tr., 2 tr. in each tr. across, ending with tr. in top of turning ch., ch. 3, turn (35 trebles).

3rd and 4th Rows: Skip first tr., tr. in each tr. across, ch. 3, turn. At end of 4th row, ch. 1 to turn.

5th Row: Picking up back loop only, d.c. in first tr., * ch. 3, d.c. in back loop of next tr. Rep. from * across, ch. 4, turn.

6th Row: * d.c. in next loop, ch. 4, rep. from * across, ending with d.c. in last loop. Break off.

7th Row: Attach yellow to front loop of first tr. on 4th row, ch. 3, tr. in each tr. across, ch. 3, turn.

8th Row: Skip first tr., tr. in next tr., * ch. 3, skip 1 tr., tr. in next 2 tr., rep. from * across, ch. 3, turn.

9th to 14th Rows incl.: Skip first tr., tr. in next tr., * ch. 3, tr. in next 2 tr., rep. from * across, ch. 3, turn.

At end of 14th row, ch. 1 to turn.

15th Row: * d.c. in next tr., 4 tr. in next sp., skip next tr., rep. from * across, ending with d.c. in top of turning chain, ch. 3, turn.

16th Row: 3 tr. in first d.c., * skip 2 tr., d.c. in next tr., 4 tr. in next d.c., rep. from * across, ending with d.c. Break off.

RUFFLE

1st Row: Attach blue to first tr. on 13th row, d.c. closely across, making d.c. in each st. and 3 d.c. in each sp. across, ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: D.c. in first d.c., * ch. 4, skip 1 d.c., d.c. in next d.c., rep. from * across, turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: D.c. in first loop, * ch. 4, d.c. in next loop, rep. from * across, turn. Break off at the end of 4th row.

Please turn to page 42

Page 39

QUILTED BAG

2½ yds. narrow piping cord; 18 in. zip-fastener.

THIS useful workbag, with its lovely quilting design, would be a perfect gift for any woman.

Materials: Three-quarters yard each of floral chintz, silk lining, soft canvas, and wadding; 2½ yds. bias binding;

To Make: Make a paper pattern to the measurements given in the diagram on page 36.

Cut out all sections of the pattern twice in chintz and twice in canvas. Cut front

Please turn to page 42



NURSERY CHAIR

CHILDREN will have great fun with this nursery chair that can be turned down on its back for use as a mobile trolley.

To make: Prepare timbers and dowels to details given in list of materials and draw-

ings on page 43 and assemble chair, back section first.

Sandpaper chair well, and putty. Apply two coats of flat paint, allow to dry after each coat, then sandpaper lightly and finish with enamel.

Screw wheels to axles. The chair can be decorated with a nursery transfer motif.

Six rubber seat-tops may be fixed top and bottom to protect other furniture when the chair is on wheels.



Elastoplast

the
WATERPROOF
first-aid dressing
THAT LIVES UP TO ITS CLAIM



Any simple injury is fully protected from water, grease and oil when you cover it with a waterproof Elastoplast dressing. In addition, the medicated pad underneath the plastic covering helps heal the wound. Fresh-coloured, unobtrusive Elastoplast stretches with your skin, too, so that it adheres firmly, even on such difficult spots as elbows and knees, while allowing you freedom of movement.

Ask your chemist for **WATERPROOF**

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Ready-cut dressings in the red and white tin.

Also: Spoon of Waterproof plaster without medicated pad in 1" x 1 yd. and 3 yd. lengths.

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How old is a sheet?

Some sheets begin to look old when they're quite new. Others go on looking new for many years. It all depends on the care they get—and that goes for all your household linens, blankets, curtains, clothing. So if you want your things to live to a young old age, leave them to the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.



It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! Acme pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded dirt

along with the surplus water... while Acme's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silk, cottons, linen, woollens—comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



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Christmas gifts

Father Christmas

Continued from page 38

end of next and every following 3rd row until 13 sts. rem. Inc. once each end of every 3rd row until there are 17 sts. Work 6 rows without shaping, then dec. each end of every row until 11 sts. rem. Cast off tightly.

Work another piece in same manner.

To Make Up: Fold each leg in halves lengthwise and stitch long sides together; sew across lower edge. Stuff firmly.

Join halves of body together, leaving neck edge open; stuff firmly. Sew inside edges of legs together at top and sew to body.

Sew halves of face together, leaving top edge open (i.e., cast-off edge). Stuff and sew up opening. Sew head to body.

Fold arms in halves and stitch, leaving curved edge at top open. Stuff well, with thickness at top. Gather together open end and stitch to shoulders.

COAT (Back)

Using white wool, cast on 46 sts. and work 6 rows in g-st. Join in red wool and work in st-st., dec. once each end of next and every following 6th row until 34 sts. rem. Work 6 rows without shaping. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of every row until 24 sts. rem. Work 15 rows without shaping. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using white wool, cast on 26 sts. and work 6 rows in g-st. Next Row: K 5 in white wool, leave these sts. on spare needle. Join in red wool, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Work on these 20 sts. in st-st., dec. once at side seam every 6th row until 15 sts. rem. Work 6 rows without shaping.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at armhole edge every row three times. Work 9 rows on rem. 10 sts.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end.

Work 6 rows on rem. 8 sts. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of alt. rows twice.

FRONT BORDER

Pick up the 5 sts. from spare needle and, using white wool, k 54 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as given for right front, working shapings at opposite ends.

SLEEVES

Using white wool, cast on 28 sts. and work 6 rows in g-st. Join in red wool and work in st-st., inc. once each end of 5th and following 6th row (32 sts.). Work 6 rows without shaping, then dec. once each end of every row until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in same manner.

Christmas trims

GIVE a snow-capped finish to your Christmas tree this year. Combine a cup of soapflakes with a half-cup of water and whisk with an egg-beater until the mixture gets thick and stiff like egg-white for meringue. Throw the mixture all over the tree—it will stick and harden to whiten the branches with a fairyland effect.

If you're planning to have a small Christmas tree, mix plaster of paris with water, pour the mixture into a greased piedish, and stick the tree in the middle while the plaster is still soft. When it hardens, you will have a solidly based tree for a centrepiece or window-sill.

Cumquats hollowed out to hold small candles and grouped around a centrepiece or mantel setting are a bright and simple decoration.



SHOWN in color on page 38 Santa is only 14in. tall, but is dressed faithfully according to his legend.

To Make Up: With a damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves and sew bands to fronts.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing, using white wool, k up 36 s.s. evenly round neck. K 4 rows. Cast off. Press all seams.

CAP

Using white wool, cast on 54 sts. and work 6 rows in g-st. Join in red wool and work 2 rows in st-st. Dec. once each end of next and every following alt. row five times (44 sts.).

Next Row: P 22, turn, leaving rem. 22 sts. on spare needle. Dec. once each end of next and following 8 alt. rows (4 sts.). Cast off.

Join in wool to wrong side of rem. 22 sts., p 1 row, then dec. once each end of next and following 8 alt. rows (4 sts.). Cast off.

To Make Up: Fold cap in halves and sew up side seams. Make a pompon and sew to top of cap.

BOOTS

Using black wool, cast on 12 sts. and k 1 row. Cont. in g-st., inc. once each end of next 3 rows (18 sts.).

Knit 4 rows.

Dec. once at beg. of next and end of following row.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. and inc. once at end of next row.

Knit 3 rows.

Increase once at end of next and following 4th row (15 sts.). Work 4 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Make 3 pieces more in same manner.

To Make Up: Sew 2 pieces of boots together, leaving top open and fill end to form toe. Pull on to leg and stitch top of boot to leg.

Make another boot in same manner.

THE BELT

Using black wool, cast on 5 sts. and work 76 rows in g-st. Cast off.

SACK

Using green wool, cast on 20 sts. and work 22 rows in st-st. Slot Row: K 1, * m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in g-st. Cast off. Work another piece in same manner.

To Make Up: Sew 2 pieces of sack together, leaving top open. Using crochet hook and 2 strands of green wool, make a chain about 14in. long. Thread through slots at top of sack.

TO COMPLETE TOY

Put on coat, catching 2 front edges together at neck and waist. Attach belt. Put cap in position. Make beard, moustache, hair, and eyebrows from cotton-wool. Attach eyes and mouth and embroider nose. Attach sack to right arm and arm to chest.

HOME TREATMENT FOR "YOUNG SKIN" TROUBLES

Now — you don't have to let nature rob you of a pretty skin just when you want it the most.

And it's so true. When a girl needs to look her prettiest, nature seems bent on spoiling her complexion. Skin that only yesterday was baby-soft, suddenly begins to develop over-active oil glands. And at the same time your skin seems to get sluggish about throwing off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings — there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today Pond's recommends this greaseless treatment for the four major problems of "young skin" — oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's quick. It's easy. And it works!

POND'S "Magic Minute Mask"

clears off . . .
tones . . .
brightens
"young skin"



Cover face, except eyes, with a lavish "Magic Minute Mask" of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on one minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, dead skin cells — dissolves them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally again. Now — after 60 seconds — tissue off. See how tingling-fresh your skin feels. How much smoother, clearer, it looks.

Give yourself a "Magic Minute Mask" with Pond's Vanishing Cream two or three times a week to help keep your skin at its loveliest. Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in jars and convenient tubes.

For the skin that rebels against a heavy make-up: Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

PV23

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 11, 1953

FUN! **THRILLS!** **MAGIC!** Mobo TOYS



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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND ...

Diamond, the hardest of Nature's elements, can be cut only by another diamond. This "diamond-cut-diamond" principle applies in diamond sawing. The diamond to be sawed is brought into contact with a phosphor-bronze blade thirty-five thousandths of an inch thick. The edge of the blade is first impregnated with diamond dust. Thus, as it revolves, the blade is constantly impregnating itself with particles of diamond dust as it cuts slowly through the diamond.

Before the introduction of sawing, a diamond could only be cleaved. Today the perfection of the sawing art gives the cutter an alternative in the fashioning of a rough stone for the final steps in the quest for maximum brilliance. "Multi-cut" diamonds are perfection in brilliance. When you invest in a "Multi-cut," remember colour, cutting, clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty.

"Multi-cut" diamonds, direct from Amsterdam cutters, are Australia's premier diamond value.

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engagement diamonds.



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GAUNT'S BOURKE STREET, MELBOURNE • BRIDGE STREET, BALLARAT • ELIZABETH STREET, HOBART

Christmas gifts

Motif guest towel

Continued from page 39

HEAD

1st Round: Starting at center with 2 strands of pink, ch. 4, 4 tr. in 4th ch. from hook, in same ch. make 3 half tr., 5 tr., and 3 half tr. Join to top of starting chain.

NECK AND SHOULDER

1st Row: D.c. in next 3 tr., ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row: D.c. in next 3 d.c., ch. 3, turn.

3rd Row: 2 tr. in first d.c., 3 tr. in each d.c. across, ch. 3, turn.

4th Row: Tr. in each tr. across. Break off.

COLLAR

1st Row: Attach blue to first tr. of shoulder, ch. 3, tr. in first tr., 2 tr. in each tr. across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: * d.c. in next tr., ch. 3, rep. from * across. Break off. Sew to waist.

ARM (Make Two)

Starting at top with pink, ch. 5.

1st Row: Tr. in 4th ch. from hook, tr. in next ch., ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Skip first tr., tr. in next tr., tr. in top of turning chain, chain 3, turn. Rep. 2nd row until piece measures 1 in., ch. 3, turn.

Next Row: Skip first tr., holding back on hook the last loop of each tr., make tr. in next tr. and in top of turning ch., thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made), ch. 3, turn.

Following Row: Cluster in tip of last cluster made. Break off. Sew arms in place.



CROCHETED crinoline lady motif, which is shown in color on page 39, makes a guest towel a very pretty gift.

HAIR

Attach 2 strands of white to first free half tr. on head, d.c. in each half tr. and each tr. across head. Break off.

HAT

Starting at centre with blue, ch. 4.

1st Round: 16 tr. in 4th ch. from hook. Join to top of starting chain.

2nd Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., d.c. in each tr. around. Join and break off. Sew hat to head.

Using yellow double, make a chain 2 in. long. Lace through ch. 1 spaces at waist. Tie and break off. Using yellow single, make a chain 2 in. long. Tie in a bow and sew to top of hat. Starch lightly and press. Sew crinoline lady to towel.

Quilted work-bag

Continued from page 39

and back of the bag and two gussets in silk lining.

Place quilted sections over canvas and machine around edges. Fold bias binding over cord for the piping and sew around the quilted sections.

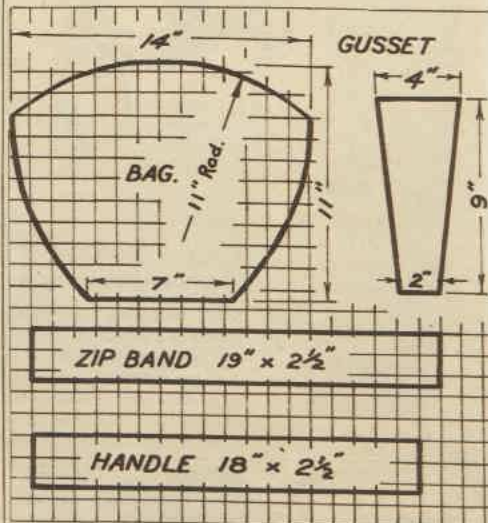
The front and back sections of the bag are diamond quilted. Place these sections over double wadding and tack together around edges. To do the quilting, measure in 4 in. from top left of these sections, pin a diagonal line to the bottom right-hand corner for the first line of quilting, then stitch the other lines 1 in. apart. Finish all lines in one direction and then repeat in the opposite direction.

Place chintz for zip-bands over canvas, turn in and sew one each side of the zip, then

line the band with silk. Make handles by placing chintz over canvas, turn in edges, fold in halves, and machine each side. Sew handles to quilted sections of bag. Sew top with zip-band in position.

Place chintz gussets over canvas and stitch together around edges. Stitch gussets at the sides of the quilted sections of the bag. Cut 2 chintz tags 3 1/2 in. x 2 1/2 in., fold in halves, and stitch around edge, sew one at each end of zip-band, then sew top of gussets to the ends of zip-band. Next join bottom of the bag, folding in ends of the gussets at the sides. Sew up silk lining, place inside bag, and slip-stitch in position.

Cut a narrow strip of chintz 9 in. long, turn in, stitch along side, and tie to the end of zip-fastener.



PATTERN DIAGRAM showing sections required for making the quilted chintz work-bag. The bag is illustrated in color and directions for making commence on page 39.



SIMPLE TOYS like this little pony always give pleasure to children. Remnants of brightly patterned or plain material, felt, or soft leatherette can be used to make it. A diagram for the pattern and instructions for cutting and making are given below.

Easy-to-make pony

● This soft cloth pony is an attractive, easily made, and cheap toy to include with other gifts in a child's Christmas stocking.

SMALL remnants of figured or plain cotton material can be used to make the pony. Soft leatherette is also suitable.

The pony looks more effective if the blanket-stitch embroidery and the felt for the hoofs, mane, and tail are all in the same color.

Materials: Two 5½ in. x 6½ in. pieces of plain or colored cotton material for the two sides of pony; 32 in. x 1½ in. strip of matching or contrasting material for the strip which joins the side pieces; small pieces of colored felt for hoofs, tail, and mane; cotton wadding or other suitable filling; colored embroidery cotton.

Allow ¼ in. seams all round pattern sections when cutting out.

To Make: From the diagram draw a full-scale paper pattern. With right sides of material together cut two pieces for the sides of the pony.

The mane, tail, and hoofs are cut twice in felt.

Turn in seams of side sections and work around edges with blanket-stitch, putting on and working the mane, tail, and hoofs in position at the same time.

Turn in edges of the strip that joins the two side pieces and blanket-stitch also, then sew sides to joining strip with small neat stitches, leaving an opening for the filling.

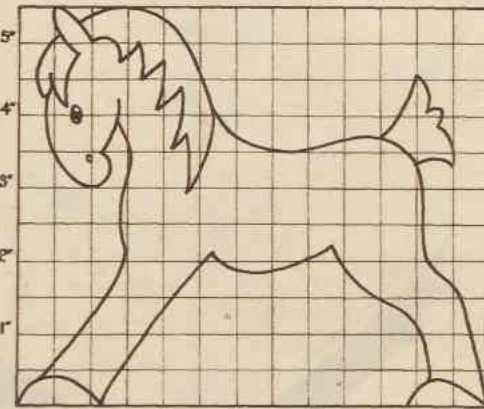
Pad the pony firmly with

cotton wadding or other suitable filling.

Sew up opening and embroider nose and eyes on both sides with satin-stitch.

Blanket-stitch, which is suggested as the edging for the turned-in raw edges of the pattern pieces, is worked in the same way as buttonhole-stitch except that a space is left between stitches.

A variation is to make the stitch alternately long and short.



THIS DIAGRAM should be drawn full-size, according to the measurements given, for a paper pattern to be cut. When cutting pattern sections allow ¼ in. seams at all edges.

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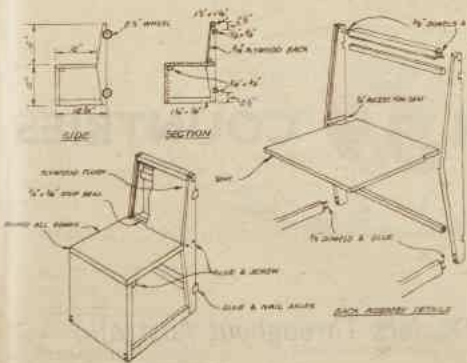
Remember! One 4 oz. jar of Vegemite contains more Vitamin B₁, B₂ and Niacin than all these foods together! 2 loaves bread; 1 lb. steak; 1 lb. peas; 1 lb. potatoes; 1 bunch carrots; 1 lettuce; 6 apples; 6 pears; 2 pints milk; 2 plates porridge; 6 bananas; 12 eggs!



PUT VEGEMITE
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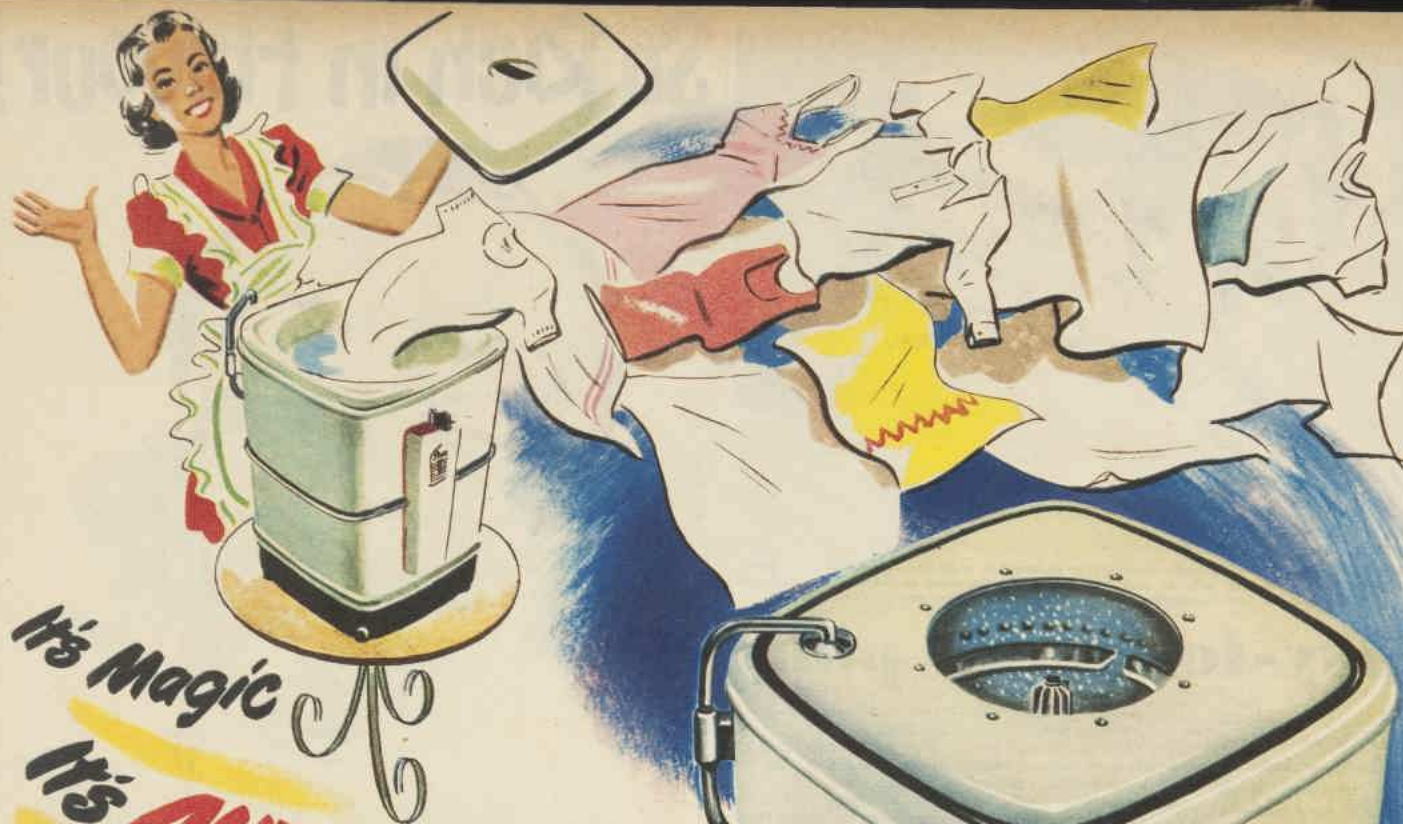
Christmas gifts, continued: NURSERY CHAIR



HERE is the list of materials required, the measurements, and, at left, the diagrams for making the nursery chair illustrated on page 39.

Materials: Using ½ in. timber (on solid core), cut 1 piece 14½ in. x 12 in. for seat, 1 piece 12 in. x 11½ in. for front, 2 pieces 24 in. x 2½ in. for back legs, 2 pieces 13 in. x 1½ in. for bottom rails. For back-rest cut a piece of 3-16th in. plywood 11½ in. x 10½ in. (to fit), for top rail cut 1 piece timber 11 in. x 1½ in. x 1½ in., for wheel axles cut 2 pieces 12 in. x ½ in. x ½ in., for seat block cut 1 piece 12 in. x ½ in. x ½ in., and for stop head 1 piece 10½ in. x ½ in. x ½ in. Buy 4 2½ in. rubber-tired wheels, 4 small washers, 4 2 in. cuphead screws to be used as axles, and about 2 ft. of 3-8th in. dowel.

DIAGRAMS show how to assemble the nursery chair illustrated on our Christmas gift color pages. An old chair with the back legs strengthened could be converted.



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tried a new life in South Africa. Now she's shed him."

"What happened this afternoon?"

He shrugged. "She came here for a drink—we were going out to dinner. We had an argument—and she went off to the bathroom to do her face, she said. I thought she seemed excited when she came back. Half an hour later the stuff hit her—she'd been nosing about and found a bottle of barbiturates—and she told me she'd just about taken the lot. 'It will serve you right,' she said, 'if there's a scandal—you and Cornelia and—' what she called Aunt Elizabeth doesn't bear repeating."

Anne said, "That can't be all. It doesn't add up."

He got up and prowled round the sitting-room. "It does to her. She doesn't know what she wants. Now she thinks she's in love with me."

"Is that anything to kill her self over?" Anne asked coldly.

He looked at her, astonished.

"Thank you," he said. "No, of course not. But, as I've said, she lost Philip, she was disappointed in Lambert—a complete rotter—but must you have a chart? I'd be a way of getting back at the Clarks, wouldn't I? Only I wasn't having any." He sat down and wiped his forehead.

"It's one thing," he said, "to annoy Cornelia, but—"

"Annoy Cornelia!" She looked at him blankly. "Just what do you mean?"

He said wearily, "My dear girl, Cornelia suspects, and Philip knows. He even saw Monica and tried to get her to exit gracefully. She was back in London some time before the news got round to other people. If I hadn't got hold of you, if I'd had to take her to hospital, if she'd gone out like a light, here, in the flat, where would I have been then—pro-

Continuing . . . The Spring of Love

from page 3

fessionally? Also, Cornelia would get her divorce. I wouldn't have a leg to stand on."

Anne was looking at him as though she'd never seen him before. She held no brief for Monica, but Hilary's heartless attitude . . .

He said, "Stop looking at me like a pretty owl. You know what happens to medical men who get themselves into scandals."

"How long ago was she engaged to Mr. Clark?"

"Seven years or so," he said.

"Why?"

"You knew her then?"

"Of course I knew her. I introduced them, as it happens. I knew her when she was a Wren—before I married. After my marriage, she turned up at Southampton when I was stationed there. Then Philip, who was in the Fleet Air Arm, as I suppose you know, arrived—I introduced them. After that I was always at sea—Philip fell in love with her. Some time later she was invalided out—breakdown of some sort. She's unstable—"

Anne thought: I don't know this man—I don't know him at all. She was cold with the not-knowing.

"Very interesting," she commented. "Especially the parts you left out. Such as how your aunt and Mrs. Duncan prevented Philip's marriage." She paused, wondering. Since she had come to know Philip she couldn't imagine anyone, not even his mother, dictating to him.

He said, "I never did know what happened. Monica broke off the engagement suddenly. I didn't see her, after that, until her return from South Africa. She looked me up—Anne, if

ever this gets out—or back to—"

She interrupted, crimson. "Thanks," she said. "But I came here as a nurse, not a reporter."

"I'm sorry! Forgive me." He tried to smile, and some of the old warm charm came through. "Please? I—well, it's been a sweat. And you're wonderful; you're a darling."

Anne rose. "It's time for me to get back to my job," she said.

He followed her into the bedroom, waited while she put on her coat, then took her to the door. There, he stopped and put his arms round her. She tried to pull away, but he held her close.

He said, "If you knew how grateful—"

The doorbell rang. Hilary released her and opened the door.

"Hello," said Philip's voice. "May I come in? Hello, Anne," he added, his quiet voice undisturbed.

"Well, you old son of a gun!" said Hilary blusteringly. "What brings you here? I was just about to take Anne home, poor girl. I yanked her away from her time off—for an emergency, in Harley Street, after hours."

Nothing had ever sounded less true.

Anne felt ill with fatigue, anger, shock. Of all times and places to encounter Philip! She could say nothing; merely stand there feeling small, defenceless, and even guilty, although she had no reason for that. She thought furiously: What a peculiar moment I've selected to fall out of love!

She had not only fallen out

of love; she was now ranged on Cornelia's side. Cornelia had had justification for her malicious remarks, her little digs. She probably suspected every woman who came in contact with her husband. And doubtless, seventy-five per cent. of the time, with reason.

Even with me, thought Anne wearily.

Hilary didn't care about her. Anne realised, nor what Philip must think. He didn't care about Monica, nor about anyone except himself and possibly, after his fashion, Cornelia—to whom he had been, almost from the beginning, unfaithful—Cornelia and her Aunt Elizabeth, and the further sums of money she might inherit—

Anne said, "I thought you were dining at home, Philip."

"I did. The Jousens are still there, playing contract—Cornelia's there, too, with a friend." He smiled slightly.

"One of my clients, who is ill, phoned me—he got the wind up about making a will, so I had to see him. It was in the district and, while I was passing, I thought if you were in, Hilary, I'd accept a drink. And now that I've accounted for myself, Anne, suppose I take you home?"

She went with him silently. Not until they were in a taxi did she speak. "Philip? I'd like you to believe me. Not just because I'm employed by your mother."

"What do you mean, believe you?"

"Believe Hilary then. There was an emergency, a real one. It wasn't pleasant. He had to send for someone he could trust."

Philip said, "I daresay guests have been taken suddenly drunk in Hilary's flat before this, Anne. It could be very embar-



"May I present my wife, Harriet, who will now take over this discussion."

assing for him—or her—and Hilary."

"It was something like that, Philip. Please don't ask questions. Just believe me."

He said, "Will you tell me why you'd like me to believe you—apart from professional reasons?"

She said, "I like you. I prefer you to think well of me."

"I like you, too," he said.

"Which is a masterpiece of understatement. But suppose we leave it there, for now. And I do believe you. You have great integrity, Anne. Oddly enough, I like Hilary, though I've good reason not to. Perhaps I'm just sorry for him. You see, for some time he has seemed to me, despite his brilliance and reputation, not quite grown-up. Let us say, a charming, selfish child."

She said, "Yes, of course." She felt quiet now and relaxed, knowing she was with someone who liked, trusted, and perhaps understood her.

He said seriously, "As much as Hilary can love anyone, he loves first Cornelia, and then Deirdre."

"Yes, I know. I've realised that."

The taxi stopped, Philip said. "I'll have a little walk round the houses—you go straight in. We may as well end this evening like the conspirators we are." But he smiled at her.

When Anne went to the drawing-room to announce her return, she found the elderly guests on the point of departure; but Cornelia and her balding friend showed no signs of leaving.

Mrs. Clark drooped an eyelid, a signal. So Anne smiled vaguely at Cornelia and her escort, and said firmly, "I'm afraid it's your bedtime, Mrs. Clark."

Later, Mrs. Clark, ready for bed, commented, "What an

To page 51



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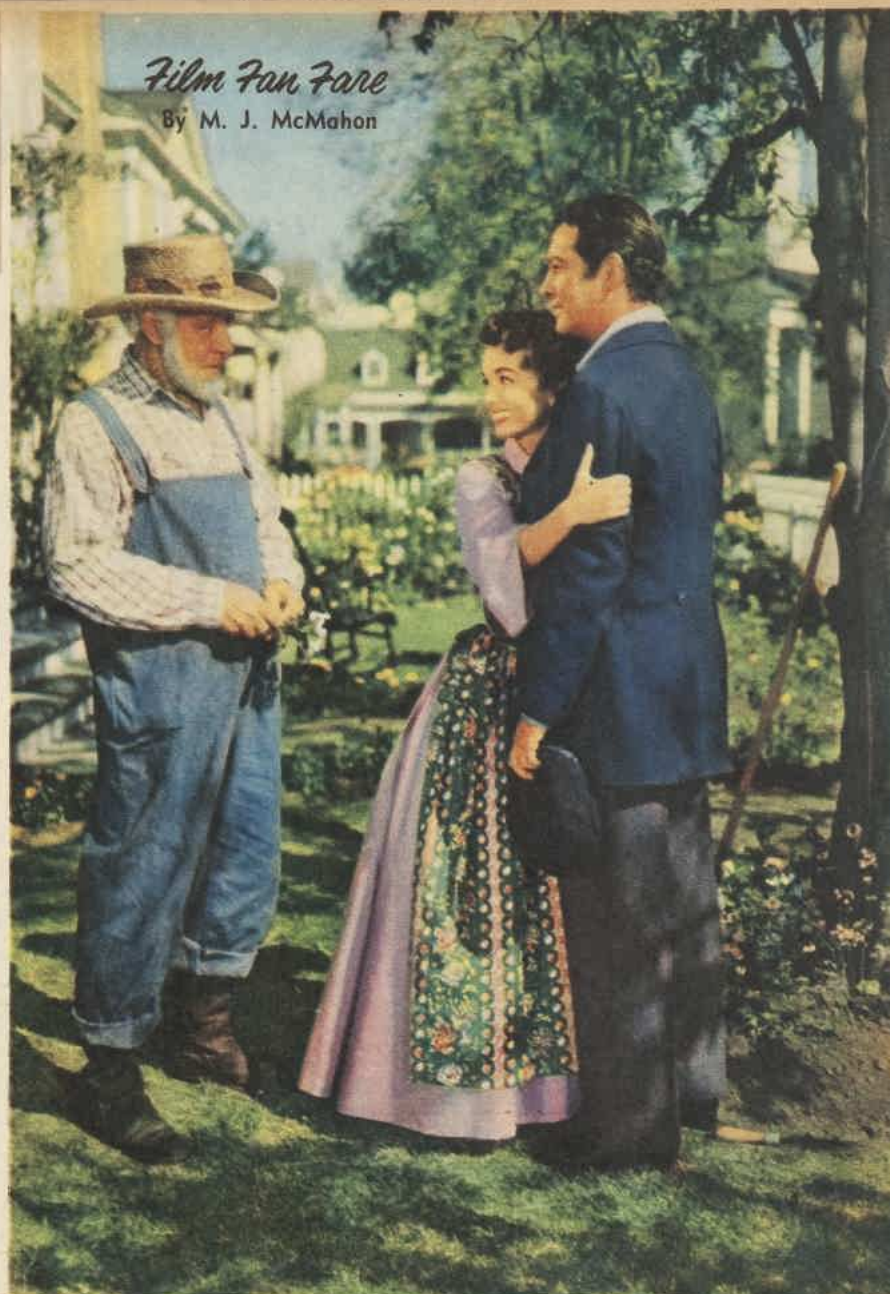


WHALING ADVENTURE

● There is excitement, romance, and vigorous action in "All the Brothers Were Valiant," which tells a story of rugged adventure in early whaling ships. Antagonistic brothers Stewart Granger and Robert Taylor head a top-flight cast which includes Ann Blyth. The picture is in technicolor and was filmed partly in Jamaica by Metro.

Film Fan Fare

By M. J. McMahon



PRISCILLA HOLT (Ann Blyth) is attracted to Mark Shore (Stewart Granger), the mouthbuckling brother of "All the Brothers Were Valiant." Later she marries Joel Shore.

A LONG VOYAGE HOME ends happily for 19th century whaling captain Joel Shore (Robert Taylor) in the arms of his young and pretty bride-to-be, Priscilla (Ann Blyth). Priscilla's grandfather, Captain Holt (Lewis Stone), who is Joel's former captain, looks on approvingly.



FEUDING sailor brothers Joel (Robert Taylor), left, and Mark (Stewart Granger) stand together against mutinous crew of the whaling vessel.



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From Under my Hat

ON Monday, in Louella Parsons' column—first edition only—was a scathing bit about Jimmy Roosevelt, his nurse, her sister, brother, and mother.

That scoop of mine got under Louella's skin, and ever after that, when I'd defend or take a crack at a star, she'd rush into print with a yarn giving the opposite point of view. It's been a game of cat and mouse ever since.

For years Louella quipped it. You weren't engaged unless you told her first. Marriage without her knowledge? Are you kidding! Your child couldn't be properly born unless L.O.P. had the scoop nine months in advance. And a christening without her presence? Ye gods! The studios had played it Louella's way for so long that it was difficult to shake themselves of the habit.

However, my friends—I had a few; still do—started to slip me stories first.

When Clark Gable married Carole Lombard, the King cut the First Lady down to size. Louella and I had both been intimate friends of the couple. The first time I ever saw Carole, I was dining with the Harry Lombards (he was a Boston banker who had retired to Beverly Hills). Jane Peters burst in to tell us she'd obtained a leading role opposite Edmund Lowe at one hundred dollars a week.

When Harry, who loved show people, asked what she was going to do about her name, she said, "Why can't I take yours—Jane Lombard?" Everybody got into the act. I don't recall who hit on the Carole, but I do know that Jane Peters entered the room and went out Carole Lombard.

Anyway, her marriage to Clark was a big story and put the couple on a spot, because L.O.P. took it for granted she would get the exclusive.

Carole and Clark waited until most of the columnists had gone on a junket to San Francisco, then had the knot tied. Louella was on the train coming home when she got the news.

"It can't be true!" she gasped. "They would have told me first."

But she was wrong; it was true. And the story was given to all newspapers simultaneously—at Clark's request. He's a peace-loving guy and hates the constant bickering over who gets first whack at a yarn.

Peace didn't make him a star, though. He was a fighting guy. I first saw Gable in 1928 in a stage play, "Machinal." The audience scarcely could see his face, but had a good view of his brawny back and liked what they saw. The play soon folded, then Clark landed in our town to take any job—even extra work.

He never would have passed for a collar ad—his ears were too big and stuck out like the Yellow Kid's—but he was busting with virility when I worked

with him in "The Common Law." Clark played a rugged brute who growled out his lines in a way to shake your confidence in human kindness.

Connie Bennett and Bob Montgomery co-starred in the picture. Gable was cast as the husband of Connie's poor sister, a luscious blonde, Anita Page, whom Harry Thaw had found somewhere and brought to Hollywood. In the film, Clark drove a laundry truck and hated his wife's high-toned relative. He finally gave Connie her come-uppance. Having lost her money, she came back to her home town and threw herself on the mercy of the sister whom earlier she had mistreated. Too scared to knock on the door, Clark caught her standing outside their bungalow window peering at the lighted Christmas tree. The sister coaxed Gable to let Connie in. Then, having done so, he turned on her and read the riot act. That violent, venomous scene started him to stardom.

Clark looked every inch the truck driver. His ears hadn't been permanently fixed then. The make-up man contrived, with a bit of putty behind them, to stick them closer to his head. At times an ear would flap loose during a scene. He never smiled much until his bad teeth were taken care of.

By HEDDA HOPPER

If anyone had told us that one day he'd be called King, we'd have laughed over his heads off, and Clark would have joined us.

Director George Hill wanted Gable for the lead in "The Secret Six," written by Frances Marion. But the studio had football hero Johnny Mack Brown under contract, and the head man said, "Secret Six" goes to Brown. He's perfect." George Hill complied, but asked permission to cast Gable as a reporter. A small part. "Sure," said the brass, "plenty of newspaper reporters look funny. He might do all right."

Hill and Frances went into a huddle and rewrote the script to build up Gable's part.

The front-office fellows didn't see the rushes. When the picture was cut and ready to preview, they learned what these conniving star-makers had done. Gable stole the



picture. Johnny Mack Brown, who got star billing, came out as a supporting player. Clark was so good that the big boss, Irving Thalberg, instead of firing Hill and Marion, gave them a bonus.

As a result of the picture, Norma Shearer selected Clark as her leading man in "A Free Soul." She played a lady, he a gangster. Their love scenes were like hot fat on an iron griddle. Norma wore a form-fitting dress of white satin without a stitch underneath. I can see it yet. It out-Harlowed anything Jean ever put on her back, including the one in "Hell's Angels," which was cut to her crotch.

The critics thought Lionel Barrymore stole "A Free Soul," but credit for the best review of the proceedings goes to a child. A friend of mine sent her little girl to a Saturday matinee to see a Walt Disney picture. The child came home

and said, "Mummie, Norma Shearer must be sick."

"Norma Shearer? I thought you saw a Disney picture."

"Oh no, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable. And she must have been awfully sick—she was lying down most all the time."

When Gable was about to enlist as a private in the United States Air Force, I got the news beat on his plan and gleefully phoned it to the Los Angeles "Times" and the New York "Daily News." After the story ran in two editions, both papers jerked it when the powers-that-be at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave a denial to the Associated Press.

Four days later Gable himself made an honest woman of me by doing exactly what I had said he would do. The studio was a long time squaring themselves with A.P., and even longer getting back into my good graces.

SYNOPSIS: New faces are seen in Hollywood when the chaos caused by the introduction of sound movies subsides. Among the new stars are Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy, Greta Garbo, Bette Davis, James Stewart, and Ida Lupino.

After losing her job in films, Hedda Hopper finds it difficult to get another, but eventually appears on radio as a gossip columnist. An initial failure, Hedda later receives several good contract offers.

At the suggestion of friends who appreciate her radio gossip, Hedda becomes a movie columnist. Her column is syndicated and featured in "Esquire" and the Los Angeles "Times."

Hedda's first big scoop after just a year as a columnist is the exclusive story of Jimmy Roosevelt's divorce. NOW READ ON:

HAPPY PHOTOGRAPH of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard (with boxer friend) at their ranch at Encino, California, in the early days of their marriage. Later Carole lost her life in an air crash.

I knew the story was true because I had it from the horse's mouth. The tip came from Clark's dentist, who was making the star an extra set of teeth. They had to be finished on a certain date, he was told, because Gable was leaving to join the Air Force.

After the story was confirmed, Daily "Variety" came to my defence:

"Hedda Hopper's exclusive yarn appeared in early editions of the Los Angeles 'Times' and New York 'News.' Both dailies yanked story after Metro put up a squawk that it was not so. Hedda took bows a couple of days later. Metro got its fuzzi up, apparently, over the Hopper exclusive on the ground that her grabbing it first off would take the edge off news value for other syndicates. Columnist is now doing a sizzling burn because the studio unwarrantedly attempted to hold her up before her various editors in a highly critical light as a newshawk who rushes into print with unverified facts. Hedda had a feedbox tip on Gable and grabbed her on-the-level beat from under all opposition noses."

I've been asked at times if a columnist ever made a star. My answer is no. No single person can make a star. Of course you can help. But stardom is compounded of many elements. There must be a personality, or intelligence, or provocative talent.

You can snatch a girl from a ribbon counter, hire a Press agent, dress her, teach her to walk and talk, give her a party, yes, put her name in lights maybe once or twice. But it's something else that keeps her name there.

Irving Thalberg was given credit for Norma Shearer's career. That is partly true. He did give her the opportunity by surrounding her with the greatest talent money could buy, picking plum stories that fitted her qualities, and creating the setting. But it was Norma's dogged determination and her ability to take direction—plus public approval—that made and kept her a star.

Behind every name in lights you'll find a hundred helping hands. It may be a dramatic coach, a friend with a bank roll, a casting director, a talent scout; it may be any number of people. But one person alone cannot take credit for another's career.

To be continued

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 11, 1953

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Happy Time

STANLEY Kramer's "The Happy Time" (Columbia) is a sprightly, somewhat erratic comedy that is reminiscent of the stageplay from which it sprang.

With sentiment, nostalgia, and occasional bursts of sparkling humor it takes a look at a French-Canadian family living happily in Ottawa a quarter of a century ago.

The Bonnard family has an exhausting zest for living. In the circle are Papa and Mama (Charles Boyer and Marsha Hunt), Uncle Louis (Kurt Kasnar), Uncle Desmonde (Louis Jourdan), Grandpere (Marcel Dalio), and Bibi (Bobby Driscoll).

Under cover of a lot of typical Gallic behaviour on the part of the male section of the Bonnard family, the picture deals in a progressive way with love and sex as these matters concern the mental and physical development of 12-year-old Bibi.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

Mature Charles Boyer is warmly understanding as Papa Bonnard, and the sequence in which he undertakes to indoctrinate his adolescent son on the mysteries of life is skillfully done.

As Mignonette, a magician's assistant, Linda Christian is given a maid's job in the household to save her from the unwelcome attentions of her employer.

There she catches Uncle Desmonde's roving eye, and stirs first thoughts of romance in the impressionable mind of Bibi.

In Sydney—Victory.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★★ "Streetcar Named Desire," drama, starring Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden. Plus "Treachery Rides the Range," Western, starring Dick Foran. (Both re-releases.)

CIVIC.—★★★ "Twelve O'Clock High," war drama, starring Gregory Peck, Dean Jagger. Plus "Congolaise," jungle documentary.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "The Band Wagon," technicolor musical, starring Fred Astaire, Jack Buchanan, Cyd Charisse. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "Small Town Girl," musical, starring Jane Powell, Farley Granger. Plus ★ "A Slight Case of Larceny," comedy, starring Mickey Rooney. (Both re-releases.)

PALACE.—★★ "Vice Squad," crime drama, starring Edward G. Robinson, Paulette Goddard. Plus "Cover Up," mystery, starring William Bendix, Dennis O'Keefe, Barbara Britton. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Shane," technicolor Western, starring Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Van Heflin. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "April in Paris," technicolor musical, starring Doris Day, Ray Bolger. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe, Francoise Rosay.

STATE.—★★★ "From Here to Eternity," drama, starring Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, Donna Reed, Deborah Kerr. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "Dark Journey," starring Vivien Leigh. Conrad Veidt. Plus "New Wine," musical, starring Ilona Massey. (Both re-releases, no star rating available.)

VICTORY.—★★ "The Happy Time," comedy, starring Charles Boyer, Louis Jourdan, Linda Christian. (See review this page.) Plus "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," technicolor musical, starring Frankie Laine, Billy Daniels.

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"Affair With a Stranger," romantic drama, starring Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus "The Mysterious Mr. Valentine," mystery, starring Linda Stirling, William Henry.

EMBASSY.—"Meet Me Tonight," technicolor comedy, starring Valerie Hobson, Nigel Patrick, Stanley Holloway. Plus "Something Money Can't Buy," comedy, starring Anthony Steel, Patricia Roc.

ESQUIRE.—"Dangerous Crossing," suspense drama, starring Jeanne Crain, Michael Rennie, Carl Betz. Plus "The Ghost Goes Wild," comedy, starring James Ellison, Anne Gwynne.

LYCEUM.—"Desert Legion," technicolor desert adventure, starring Alan Ladd, Arlene Dahl, Richard Conte. Plus "The All-American," football drama, starring Tony Curtis, Lori Nelson, Mammie Van Doren.

MAYFAIR AND PARK.—"Mister Scoutmaster," comedy, starring Clifton Webb, Edmund Gwenn, George Winslow. Plus "The Phantom From Space," scientific drama, starring Ted Cooper, Noreen Nash.

PLAZA.—"Plunder of the Sun," adventure drama, starring Glenn Ford, Diana Lynn, Patricia Medina. Plus "Fort Dodge Stampede," Western, starring Alan Lane.

ST. JAMES.—"Ride, Vaquero!" technicolor Western, starring Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Howard Keel. Plus "The Big Leaguer," baseball drama, starring Edward G. Robinson, Vera-Ellen.

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Continuing . . . The Spring of Love

from page 45

evening! And what in the world is keeping Philip?"

"Surely he'll be home soon. Try to sleep."

"I never sleep. You know that—I think I hear Philip coming in now. Tell him to come and see me. Good night, Anne, I'll ring if I need you."

Anne found Philip in the hall, shaking wet snow from his overcoat.

"Your mother wants you," she told him.

Philip asked, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine." She smiled, her eyes grateful, and went up to her room. But before she had started to undress Philip knocked. She admitted him to the sitting-room.

He asked, "Did you find Mother upset on your return?"

"A little."

"Cornelia," he diagnosed.

"She and that chap Graham were on their way somewhere, and, as Cornelia put it, dropped in. Quite a night for dropping in."

He ran his hand through his hair, distracted.

"Cornelia's bad for Mother," he went on, "fond as they are of each other. I know you won't ask, but I'll tell you why. Mother rejects her separation from Hilary, and resents Cornelia seeing so much of this man. It's silly—the woman's grown up, and can please herself. But Cornelia enjoys defiance." He stopped.

"Anne, you aren't worried about anything?"

"Not now, Philip."

"Good. Forgive the outburst. Sleep well."

The door closed. Anne began to undress. She felt as if she were torn apart. So much had happened, and in so little time.

I don't suppose I was ever desperately in love, she thought, but enough to make me happy, unhappy, and even hopeful. I attracted Hilary, but only as dozens of women have and do—perhaps he has to have this attraction, as other people take to drugs and drink. It builds him up. Perhaps Cornelia tears him down. I don't know; I'll never know.

Anne wished she need never see Hilary again.

But she did, of course, when he came to see his patient.

After she had given her customary report, in private, he said, "About the other night—everything has adjusted itself. But I've left a good deal unsaid, Anne. Break your rule and have dinner with me next time you can get away. Somewhere very quiet and discreet?"

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Hilary."

"What's the matter? Surely you weren't upset by the recent episode?"

"Not now, Hilary. Not in the least."

"Perhaps that's it," he mused. "Perhaps I'm upset because you aren't!" He flicked a finger under her chin. "Good-bye, for now."

Just before Christmas, Mrs. Clark had an attack of influenza, mild, but prostrating, and Dr. Duncan ordered her to Bournemouth for a few weeks.

"Anne will look after you," he said, over her protests. "And you can just lie and vegetate."

"Revolted," she remarked, but with less than her usual vigor.

And to Bournemouth they went, taking Emily, the butler's wife, with them, who acted also as lady's maid.

Philip came down each Friday evening, returning on Monday morning. During the week-ends, Anne walked, played golf, and drove out along the coast with him.

How this came about was simple. He drove them down for the New Year, stayed a few days, and served notice on his mother.

"Anne," he said firmly, "is entitled to her hours off. But she can hardly get away from you, here, so I'm taking her off."

His mother's eyes snapped. "I assume you're not asking my permission?"

"That's right," he said.

At these times, it seemed to Anne that they talked about everything under the sun except Hilary, Cornelia, and Monica. And they never ran out of topics. Philip was, she thought, the nicest man she had ever known. Meantime, Peter's letters piled up, unanswered except by post cards.

Philip, bringing her one from the reception desk, one Saturday while she was waiting for him outside the hotel, remarked, "I told you once that I was a curious man. I've seen several of these, written in a firm, masculine fist."

He looked at her curiously as she stuffed the letter, unopened, into her pocket.

"There's no hurry. I can wait."

They were going for a drive through the New Forest. "So can the letter," she said.

They got into the car. For a time they drove in silence, then he said, "Why don't you open your letter? It's from Peter, I suppose. Mother has said that you are—I believe her word was 'involved'—with Peter Morton."

"Not at all. Just friends."

"You mean, you are."

Anne laughed. "Perhaps," she answered.

"You haven't thought of marriage?"

"Naturally. What woman doesn't? But not to Peter." She thought of the young, steady-eyed house-surgeon of St. Martin's without a stir. "He's nice," she admitted. "I wish I could fall in love with him."

"It's Hilary?" he asked suddenly.

Anne felt herself redden. "A little—once. Yet not, I suppose, really—it's hospital life that does it," she went on. "It's another world—in many ways so painful that you have to escape, somehow." She scowled a little in concentration.

"A hospital is an emotional world, Philip. Sorrow, death, pain, and the feeling of heavy responsibility, the trying to learn, and suddenly when you think you know it all, finding out how little you do know. It's natural for a nurse to fall in love with a doctor. If he's an older doctor—he's usually married. If he's a very successful one, he's half a god. You start by admiration—and then comes love."

She shrugged. "Hearts are sometimes broken, to coin a phrase, and usually mended. Sometimes a girl goes off the deep end and strains, overwork, study—and the emotional conflict. But you deal with raw, brutal things—and with wonderful things, too. I can't explain."

"Uncertain glory," he quoted smiling.

"What?"

"Mr. Shakespeare. 'Oh, how this Spring of Love resembleth the uncertain glory of an April day!'" he told her, and added, "I know something about the spring of love, and uncertain glory, too."

He paused, giving his full attention to the traffic, then began to talk on a different subject.

But these outings brought them close, and sometimes Anne felt Mrs. Clark's eyes on her in speculation. She didn't like it. She was disturbed not so much by her patient as by Philip. He wasn't, she knew, an example of the too-attached son. He was devoted to, but not dominated by, his mother.

Still, he was past thirty and unmarried. Was he still in love with Monica?

When they returned to London, Anne was faintly tanned, glowing with new health, Mrs. Clark had put on six pounds and was sleeping better. She grudgingly told her doctor on one of his visits, "I dare say you were right."

Cornelia happened to be present. It wasn't the first time she had called while her husband was there, and the casual way in which they greeted each other seemed shocking to Anne.

"Well, and how's the great doctor?" And "Well, Cornelia, you're looking expensive, as usual."

Sparkes had just brought in "eleveases." Now, sipping her coffee, Cornelia said, "The holiday seems to have done our Anne good, too. She's blooming."

"She is," Hilary rose. He never stayed long when his wife was there. "See you soon, Aunt Elizabeth."

At that moment Philip came in. "Going?" he asked. "So soon?"

"The atmosphere's vitriolic," Hilary said cheerfully. "Besides, I've other calls to make."

Cornelia said, looking annoyed, "I apologise for my husband. That remark was directed at me, of course."

"My dear Cornelia," said Mrs. Clark sharply, "Nurse Emerson can't possibly be interested in family squabbles."

"But I'm sure she is," said her niece, smiling. "A good nurse takes a personal interest in her patient's family."

"Only," said Anne hotly, "when the family affects the patient."

"Cheers," said Philip, grinning.

A month or so later, Mrs. Clark, returning from a drive to Sussex, was informed by Sparkes that Mrs. Duncan had been telephoning at intervals for the past hour.

"She says," the butler reported, "that it is most urgent."

Mrs. Clark asked him to get

To page 53

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

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Mrs. Duncan on the phone, and shut herself in her bedroom to take the call. She rang for Anne almost immediately.

"It's Deirdre. She's ill again—and her father's out of town on a consultation. Cornelia asked if you could go over."

Anne said, "If the child's ill, Mrs. Duncan should get a doctor."

"She's sent for her—it's a woman. Dr. Saunders—a colleague of Hilary's. But Deirdre keeps asking for you. I said you'd go. Please phone, Anne, as soon as you know anything definite. She's just had tonsillitis—and you never know what it may lead to."

Anne settled her for her nap, gave instructions to Emily, and took a taxi to Mrs. Duncan's expensive penthouse flat.

Dr. Saunders hadn't arrived, Cornelia told her, taking her to Deirdre's room. Deirdre greeted Anne joyfully, her little face flushed.

Anne took her temperature. "Not high," she said to Deirdre's mother. "I'm no diagnostician—it doesn't seem serious. Yet it could be, of course."

In ten minutes Dr. Saunders arrived, pronounced it a type of mild virus infection and left, promising to call the next day. Anne stayed on. Deirdre said to her, with importance, "I'm ill. Perhaps I'll die."

"Don't be absurd," Anne said crossly. "Not for at least seventy years."

Deirdre giggled. "Not till I'm as old as Great-Aunt Elizabeth... now I'm so ill, perhaps Daddy will come to see me."

Anne winced, inwardly. How the child missed Hilary. "Suppose you try to sleep a little," she said gently.

Cornelia was standing in the doorway. As Deirdre turned obediently on her side, Cornelia beckoned Anne from the room. "I heard what she said."

Continuing . . . The Spring of Love

from page 51

Hilary's her idol," said Cornelia angrily. Her eyes filled with tears. "He doesn't deserve it."

Anne said quietly: "Children don't start to sit in judgment on their parents until they're older than Deirdre."

Cornelia did not answer. Anne went on, "I must telephone Mrs. Clark and tell her I'll be back. Deirdre doesn't need a nurse—Dr. Saunders didn't suggest one."

"She assumed you'd stay, I suppose. But I'll look after her. It's just—I want to talk to you."

"What about?" "Mrs. Lambert. Monica."

Anne's heart lurched. "I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

"Let's not play games. I'm serious—let's go where we can talk." Cornelia led the way into the small lounge.

"Now," she continued, "I saw Monica the other night at the Five Hundred. She'd been drinking—a lot—and really let her hair down. Called me a dog in the manger, or words to that effect, and went into a long recital of her relations with my husband."

Her lips twisted. "After which she announced that she'd tried to kill herself once, and would again, to get even. She said if I didn't believe her, I could ask the nurse Hilary called to his flat the night she took the pills—you, from her description."

Anne said carefully, "Dr. Duncan did call me there. I know nothing of his association with Mrs. Lambert. I'd never seen her before, and haven't since."

"I'll make it worth your while to testify to seeing her—for my divorce petition," Cornelia smiled bitterly, "the

petition Hilary says he'll contest."

Anne said, trying to control her anger, "I couldn't possibly, even if I wished to give evidence for a divorce case—and I certainly don't. I attended Mrs. Lambert in a professional capacity."

"In my husband's flat?" "Where I attended her doesn't matter—now, may I use your telephone?"

She spoke to Emily, and managed to keep her voice even, though her hands were shaking. "Tell Mrs. Clark that Deirdre is not seriously ill—and I'll be back immediately."

"Mr. Philip is on his way over, Nurse. Mrs. Clark hasn't shut an eye; she made me telephone Mr. Philip and tell him to go straight to Mrs. Duncan's. She says will you wait there."

AS Anne replaced the receiver, Cornelia said, "Wait a minute. How did my husband manage to get hold of you that night?"

"He phoned me—he took a chance on finding me at my own flat, on my day off."

"And he could trust you," said Cornelia bitterly. "But, of course, not me!"

Anne said, "But you're—" "Not a nurse? Of course not, but it wouldn't be the first time I've helped in an emergency, believe it or not. But the patient happened to be Monica!"

Cornelia sat down wearily. She said, "This divorce—there's got to be one, somehow. He won't divorce me—but I won't live like this—I can't!" She was crying.

The door-bell rang. Shakily, Anne answered it. Philip came

in, asking quickly, "How's Deirdre? Is it serious?" "Dr. Saunders doesn't think so."

But he had already passed her and was in the lounge. He said, shocked, "Cornelia!"

Cornelia took her hands from her ravaged face. She said abruptly, "Quite an audience. Sit down, Philip. If you don't know now, you will later. I was trying to persuade—or bribe—Anne to give evidence for me in my divorce case."

He said roughly, "Are you out of your mind?"

"Ask her. Ask her if Hilary didn't call her to his flat because that utter fool Monica tried to commit suicide there. And don't look at me like that. I know Monica was your girl—the girl your mother paid to break her engagement to you."

She stopped, and put both hands to her mouth.

Philip said, after a moment, "So that's it." To Anne's astonishment, he laughed.

"Well, thanks, dear Cox. Not that it endears my mother to me, nor makes me think highly of my past love, but it does restore my ego. I always thought I bored Monica, and that Lambert didn't."

"Philip, if you dare tell Aunt Elizabeth I told you—" "Why should I? Mother isn't strong enough to take up an old battle. And Monica doesn't mean anything to me—she hasn't for a long time."

He paused. "But I wonder how Mother managed it."

"Money, of course," Cornelia said, groping for a handkerchief. "That was what mattered to Monica. If you'd married her, you were going to be cut off with the old shilling. If she broke the engagement, she was to get a cheque."

"But mother can't cut me off."



"Oh, never mind, lady! I'll just change my seat."

"I know," said Cornelia. "But Monica didn't."

"You know a lot," said Philip.

"I was mixed up in it. You see, I'd confided in your mother about Monica and Hilary—I hadn't been married long, and it took some getting over. That," she added, "was before I learned to keep things to myself."

"You forgot your lesson today," Philip said, then turned to Anne. "I'm sorry, Anne, you had to hear all this. It isn't exactly pretty."

"Anything Hilary does," said Cornelia, "is probably all right with Anne. Little tin god! Probably he didn't phone her," she said somewhat wildly. "Perhaps she was there in the flat when Monica arrived, and then—"

Philip said, "Stop acting like a child, Cornelia. Hilary did phone Anne. I arrived on the scene later, and took her home. But I didn't know whom he'd asked her to help—until now."

Anne rose. "I think Deirdre is calling," she said, and went quickly to the child's room.

When she came back, she said, "She's awake, Mrs. Duncan, and her temperature is up. I'll stay until you get a nurse. And perhaps you can get in touch with Deirdre's father. She's asking for him. His secretary will know where to get hold of him."

It wasn't long before Hilary telephoned from Oxford that he was on his way back. Anne returned to her patient, and Philip stayed talking with Cornelia.

He said, "You don't really want a divorce?"

"No." She put her hand over his. "It was just that I couldn't take any more. You wouldn't understand, Philip. Only the women who marry charming men like him can understand."

"Stop and think. This busi-

To page 54

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Continuing . . . The Spring of Love

from page 53

ness about Monica—it started before he knew you, and was picked up again, when you weren't with him, when inhibitions were frayed—danger, excitement, loneliness all mixed up in it. He was delighted when she and I became engaged. He was the only one of the family who was pleased.

"I was," said Cornelia. "I could have murdered Aunt Elizabeth for dragging me into it."

Philip said, "Take him or leave him. He won't change. But there are three things he loves, after his fashion, and in this order: his profession, you, and Deirdre."

"I can't live with him," she said. "I can't live without him. It's a hard choice."

"Make it," Philip advised her. He was still talking to her when Hilary arrived.

"I'm glad you made it so quickly," Philip said, admitting him.

"I rang Saunders," Hilary said. "She says Deirdre will be all right." He looked tired.

"Still, she needs you," said Philip. "And so does her mother."

"Where is she?"

"Here," said Cornelia in a small voice. (Take him or leave him . . . by all means, take him. Half a loaf can keep you from starving . . .) "Oh, Hilary," she said.

He went quickly to take her in his arms. "She'll be all right, darling," he said.

"I know," said Cornelia wearily. Then she went on urgently, "But will we be all right, Hilary? The three of us?"

Two hours later, a delayed dinner was sent up from the restaurant for Dr. and Mrs. Duncan, a nurse was installed in Deirdre's room, and Philip and Anne were having dinner in the restaurant.

"You're not eating, Philip. And it's so good—and so expensive," she teased him.

"I'm looking at you. Did you know I'm in love with you?" he said. "I liked you at once. And then, after I met you at

the art exhibition, we seemed—sympathetic. But I really fell in love with you at Hilary's that night. You were so small, competent, wonderful—and a little scared. You really cared what I thought about you that night, didn't you?"

She looked at him, feeling happy and a little incredulous.

"I cared a lot. And I was scared. Not just because of what you'd think, but because I'd made such a fool of myself over Hilary." She added softly, "I knew for sure, that night, that I had a friend. Because you believed me."

"Why not? I always believe people till they prove I'm wrong . . . Anne, what you discovered that night—was it merely a friend?"

She said, looking directly at him, "I'm not quite sure."

Now it begins again, she told herself, the uncertainty, the wondering, being hot and cold by turns. One failure is enough—for both of us.

He touched her hand and she drew it away. She implored, after a moment, "Don't confuse me."

"Do I?"

"Yes," she said honestly. "And this time I have to be sure."

He nodded. "I want you to be sure. As I am. Now, let's go home and tell my mother."

"But, Philip, there's nothing to tell."

He said smiling, "How can I court you properly behind her back?"

Mrs. Clark was in bed when they returned. They went to her room, and she put aside her book, dismissing Emily.

"Sit down," she said, "and tell me—Anne, you first. Deirdre? Philip was very brief on the phone. I want a full report."

When Anne had given it, Philip said, "Hilary's with Cornelia and Deirdre. Mother. And I believe, to stay."

Her face lighted. "It's high time. But where have you two been all this time?"

"Having dinner. Incidentally, Mother, I'm in love with your nurse. She says she isn't with me. At least she isn't sure. I'm a patient man."

Mrs. Clark's eyes snapped. "And how long has this been going on?" she inquired.

"Quite a long time," he said.

"An intolerable situation," said his mother decisively. "And one which leaves me no alternative." Anne looked at her uncertainly. There was no smile on her employer's lips. "Anne, as soon as Hilary finds me another nurse, you can go."

Anne was scarlet. She said in a tight voice, "Of course, Mrs. Clark. If you feel that way about it."

"Suits me," said Philip. "We can see more of each other during Anne's time off."

But Anne had already left the room.

She was in her sitting-room when he came in. She said furiously, "You had no right to do that. You knew it would get me dismissed!"

"Are you so mad about your case?"

"Well, I like her, Philip. That's one thing. And dismissal is a black mark. What's worse, you've upset her."

He said, "My poor darling—you don't know your patient. I do. My mother hasn't closed a door; she's opened one. She's made you free to see me, as often as you wish, unhampered. In the morning, you'll find she'll offer you a white flag. She'll suggest that, in the circumstances, you resign. She'll add, 'as I can hardly expect you'll give me your entire attention.' And she'll be delighted with herself, thinking she's put our backs up."

With a smile, he went on, "She's shrewd, my mother. I realised in Bournemouth that she'd picked you out for me. Otherwise, she would have prevented our being alone together, somehow. But she loves intrigue. She thinks that what you need now is a push—she's given it."

Anne said, "I can't believe

New mystery serial by popular author

AS our new serial, to begin next week, we are pleased to announce **THE FRIGHTENED WIFE**, by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

This author is justly acknowledged as one of today's leading mystery writers. She is well up to her best standard in this intriguing story of an attractive young woman forced into a desperate plan to outwit a criminal husband.

Packed with excitement, intrigue, and suspense, side by side with an appealing romantic theme, you will find this one of the most engrossing serials you have read.

THE FRIGHTENED WIFE will be published in three long serial instalments, first of which will appear in next week's issue.

"Oh," said Philip, "let's stop talking!" He went over and pulled her from her chair. He kissed her long and hard, and asked, a moment later, "Would something like this help you to make up your mind?"

Anne said, dazed, "I—I think so."

Next door, in her big bed, Mrs. Clark lay quietly chuckling to herself. Everything had worked out. Hilary and Cornelia—Philip and Anne. She hoped the girl would make up her mind soon. She could be married from here, say, in June.

Meanwhile, a little opposition would hasten things. Hilary would find her some nice little nurse to bully, temporarily, in Anne's place. After that . . .

It was a good thing to have a nurse in the family, thought Mrs. Clark and, smiling, slept.

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TUBE

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Writes young Mrs. K. Read
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Writes
Mrs. V. Cunningham,
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"My husband is a hairdresser—which means dozens of towels in my wash. But new Sunlight's faster lather gets to the root of the dirt—has them gleaming white in no time!"



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writes from
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"New Sunlight is wonderful to wash my little boys' woollies in winter and linen suits and play clothes in summer. It cleans the extra-dirty parts without hard rubbing. There's no soap so kind to clothes."



WHITE OVERALLS

Writes
Mrs. W. G. Ballard
of 40 Barney St.
Armidale

"To make sure my husband's overalls are always snowy, I wet them, smooth all over with new Sunlight, and boil 20 minutes. Result? All oil and grease vanished and overalls beautifully white—without hard scrubbing!"

ITS FASTER LATHER MAKES
IT EASIER THAN EVER TO GET
CLOTHES SUNLIGHT-CLEAN



50.180.WW143A

Handknit swimsuit for a toddler

Here is a fine little suit for a tiny girl or boy to wear at the beach all through the summer.



DESIGNED SO THAT it can be slipped on and off in a jiffy, this little suit can be knitted in quick time. Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft nurse, approves this design.

AND here are the complete, easy-to-follow directions for knitting it.

Materials: 3 skeins "Twin-Prufe" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2103 (saxe-blue); 1 skein each of shade Nos. 1075 (white) and 2101 (royal-blue); 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 2 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder 14 in.

Abbreviations: K. knit, P. purl, st. stitch, tog. together, Bl. blue, RB. Royal blue, W. white.

Tension: 7 sts. lin., 9 rows lin.

Using No. 12 needles and Bl. wool, commence at back and cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of K. 2, P. 2 for lin. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: * K 1, K twice into next st., repeat from * to end. (108 sts.). P. 1 row. Work in st-st. for 64 in. Cast off 4 sts. at the beginning of every row until decreased to 36 sts. Work 4 rows. Cast on 4 sts. at the beginning of every row until increased to 108 sts. Continue in st-st. for 64 in.

Next Row: * K 1, K 2 tog., repeat from * to end. (72 sts.).

Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib of K. 2, P. 2 for lin.

Change to No. 10 needles, decrease 1 st.

1st Row: K. 10, P. to last 10 sts., K. 10.

Repeat last 2 rows for 2 in. Work as follows:

1st Row: Cast off 5 sts., K. to end.

2nd Row: Cast off 5 sts., P. to last 5 sts., K. 5.

3rd Row: K. 27 Bl., 7 RB., 27 Bl.

4th Row: K. 5 Bl., P. 2 tog., P. 19 Bl., 9 RB., 19 Bl., P. 2 tog., K. 5 Bl.

5th Row: K. 25 Bl., 9 RB., 25 Bl.

6th Row: K. 5 Bl., P. 2 tog., P. 14 Bl., 4 RB., 1 Bl., 1 W., 7 Bl., 4 RB., 14 Bl., P. 2 tog., K. 5 Bl.

7th Row: K. 31 Bl., 1 W., 25 Bl.

8th Row: K. 5 Bl., P. 2 tog., P. 18 Bl., 10 W., 15 Bl., P. 2 tog., K. 5 Bl.

9th Row: K. 22 Bl., 9 W., 24 Bl.

10th Row: K. 5 Bl., P. 2 tog., P. 17 Bl., 8 W., 16 Bl., P. 2 tog., K. 5 Bl.

11th Row: K. 23 Bl., 7 W., 23 Bl.

12th Row: K. 5 Bl., P. 2 tog., P. 16 Bl., 6 W., 17 Bl., P. 2 tog., K. 5 Bl.

13th Row: K. 24 Bl., 5 W., 22 Bl.

14th Row: K. 5 Bl., P. 2

tog., P. 15 Bl., 4 W., 18 Bl., P. 2 tog., K. 5 Bl.

15th Row: K. 25 Bl., 3 W., 21 Bl.

16th Row: K. 5 Bl., P. 2 tog., P. 14 Bl., 2 W., 19 Bl., P. 2 tog., K. 5 Bl.

17th Row: K. 26 Bl., 1 W., 20 Bl.

18 Row: K. 5 Bl., P. 2 tog., P. 13 Bl., 1 W., 19 Bl., P. 2 tog., K. 5 Bl.

Continue across all sts. in Bl., keeping 5 border sts. each end in garter-st. and decrease 1 st. inside each border every 2nd row until decreased to 31 sts. K. across all sts. in garter-st. for lin.

Next Row: K. 5 (leave on spare needle), cast off 21 sts., K. 5. Continue on last 5 sts. in garter-st. for 6 in.

Next Row: K. 2, WRN, K. 2 tog., K. 1.

K. 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 1 st. Cast off. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

LEG BANDS

Using No. 12 needles and Bl. wool, with right side of work towards you, pick up and K. about 92 sts. around legs. Work in rib of K. 2, P. 2 for lin. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew buttons on back and fasten straps.

MOTHERCRAFT

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

CONTRARY to the common belief that a baby's nails should never be cut, it is important to see that the nails are cut short.

Long nails often cause scratches and they harbor dust and sometimes germs, which, if a baby is a finger or thumb sucker, can cause an infection of the mouth.

The best time to cut the nails is when a baby is asleep or restless.

Only one finger at a time should be exposed, the others should be enclosed in the hand so they are protected from the points of the scissors.

After cutting, any rough edge can be smoothed with an emery board file, and a blunt toothpick can be used to clean under the nails.

A leaflet on the care of the nails and other nursery hints can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.



CLOSE-UP showing the sensible, roomy design of a swimsuit for toddlers' wear. The original was knitted in saxe-blue with royal-blue and white motif, which may be omitted if you wish. The suit can be knitted in a few hours.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 11, 1953

You Can't Compete

An unusual and appealing story complete on this page.

By JOHN RYAN

OPENING the letter-box that morning Jane had a strange premonition and the single small envelope she withdrew confirmed it.

She stood there for a moment looking down the quiet suburban street. It was as neat and orderly as her life had been these past seven years with Ted and junior. Now, with the letter in her hand, fear flew around her heart like a wild bird.

"Don't be silly," she told herself. "Perhaps you're quite wrong, so don't be frightened until you've read it."

She walked slowly up the garden path and into the house. For another moment she stood motionless in the middle of the sitting-room and then angrily tore open the envelope and pulled out the folded page. Try as she would she couldn't stop her hands trembling as she unfolded it.

The handwriting was small and tight. The letter was brief.

"My dear,
"I feel you should know that your husband has been seeing a tall, well-dressed blonde. Her name is Linda Weir. She is the advertising manager of Lanson and Hoyt."

It was unsigned.
Jane took the letter over to the window seat. It was a ridiculous joke, or some stupid selling stunt for a shampoo or to advertise that picture about the Letter to Three Wives or . . . and then she couldn't hold it back any longer and it was a long time before she stopped sobbing.

But this didn't happen to real people, she thought, not to people like Ted and her. It happened in stories, in the films, but it just didn't happen to happily married couples like her and . . . But somehow she found herself remembering things that she could not face until now, scenes, that day in town.

"It's something new," Ted had said a little angrily. "We're all working late these days. It's . . . it's the slump in business."

"Till two in the morning?" she had asked acidly.

"I went out for a couple of drinks afterwards. Darn it! Questions and cross-examinations—that's all I get."

And Ted, mild, gentle Ted had stormed out of the house, slamming the door and not coming back until late, after Ted junior had finally fallen asleep in the window seat waiting for his goodnight story.

There had been other things she had tried not to take any notice of—the faint scent of perfume on his jacket, the handkerchief smudged with lipstick and shoved into the glove compartment of the car.

She had worked before they'd been married. She knew how it was at some office parties. And yet . . .

There had been the day she had gone into town unexpectedly to do some shopping. It was close to five when she'd finished and she had decided to call at Ted's office and perhaps go home with him. She was crossing the street to his building and she had seen him come out.

She started to wave and then stopped. He was with a tall, smartly dressed and beautiful fair-haired woman who held possessively to his arm. As Jane watched they ducked into a taxi together. She had gone home alone.

She had pushed them out of her mind. She tried to say she understood; that it was

business, that she was acting foolishly to think it meant anything. She had almost fooled herself. And now the letter. And she could not fool herself any longer, not any longer at all.

She knew it was better that way. She would have to face up to it. After all, he wasn't the first husband to take an interest in another woman. It didn't mean their marriage was over. And yet perhaps it did. Perhaps it meant he didn't want her any more and would ask her to divorce him.

"Oh, but I love him," she thought, "I need him and I can't give him up. I can't" . . . then the back door slammed and Ted junior came in from school for lunch. She hugged him close.

"Will daddy be home tonight?" the boy asked. "He's never home."

"Hush," she said. "He might be. Your daddy works very hard."

"He never plays games with me now. Have you got any cakes?"

"Yes, darling, I have," she told him. "I made a chocolate one last night after you had gone to bed. Now, if you eat up all your vegetables and chop you can have a piece with your custard."

"You bet I will," said Ted enthusiastically. At the table he asked a question that almost made her burst into tears.

"Mummy, do you think daddy will take us to the lakes for the holidays this year? The Hudsons are going and Billy said it would be nice if . . ."

"It would be nice," Jane interrupted him, "but I don't really know what daddy's plans are just at the moment."

"Try and make him go," urged Ted, giving her a brief kiss before dashing out of the door. "See you after school."

Jane was glad in a way when he left for school again. It was hard to think logically with him there; a reminder of all the happy years they had shared; of all the moments that had always seemed so wonderful together.

Bitterly she recalled all their struggles, paying off the house, buying the car, and then how marvellous he had been when she had been so ill after little Ted's birth.

He had loved her then, so how could he possibly change? And anyhow, marriage meant more than just being in love, it meant loyalty too. Surely that didn't vanish at the sight of an attractive blonde. And what about Ted junior? What sort of life would it be for him without a father?

She finished washing the luncheon dishes and then while she was preparing the vegetables for dinner the telephone rang, harshly, stridently it seemed to her tensed nerves.

"Hello?" It was Ted.

"Listen, Jane." His voice was high pitched and nervous. "I want you to come into town tonight and meet me for dinner. It's terribly important. I . . . I have something I must tell you."

"All right, Ted," she said, surprised that her voice failed to reflect the fear inside of her or the trembling of her hands. "At Tony's? I'll be there at six."

So, she thought with a sinking feeling, so soon. No time to think it out, to talk to him seriously; to ask, and watch his face when he answered, if Linda was someone



ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

he wanted to spend his life with or just something momentary and quick-passing.

No time for anything at all. Ted, who did everything so slowly, thinking out all the aspects, rushing into something now, like this.

She telephoned her mother and kept her voice light. Just a dinner date in town with Ted. Would she come over and watch Ted junior? They wouldn't be late. Thanks so much. "Everything is fine, mother, just fine."

Jane walked upstairs slowly. The picture of that woman, with her expensive clothes and perfect grooming, was still sharp in her mind.

She looked in the mirror carefully. The image that looked back was a woman of 30 who looked younger; her figure still slim. Her hair was too long for the styles and her dresses were perhaps a little suburban.

Then the scheme came to her. She lacked sophistication in the way she dressed—for years she had worn the same type of thing, the same appearance. She could change.

Why shouldn't she be smart, too? She had some money tucked away in her drawer, about £20 she had been planning to put towards their summer holiday. Well, it would be well spent if it salvaged her marriage. She dashed into the bathroom and while she took a quick shower planned her campaign.

She had time to go into town and get a new dress; something very smart; she could get her hair cut; a new pair of shoes, those extreme ones that were so practical and so expensive; she could be that way; she could compete.

It was a little after six when she got to Tony's and as she entered the little restaurant she already felt more confident than she had imagined would be possible.

Ted was waiting for her, at the little table by the window. The one, recalled Jane with a little throb of misery, they always booked whenever they had dinner in town. It might have been more practical to have chosen a different one for tonight. Surely he didn't want to be reminded of the past any more than she did.

He stood up quickly as she reached the table and she instinctively noticed how nervous and strained he seemed. He had already had several drinks, she was sure. Neither spoke until Jane was settled into a chair and Ted had asked the waiter to bring two Martinis.

Jane looked at her husband and said quietly, "What was it you wanted to tell me, Ted?"

"You look good," Ted said, glancing at her in a way he hadn't in a long time. And then something seemed to remind him and his face set and he became silent again.

"I was going to get a new dress," Jane said. "New hair, new shoes, new personality. I was going to look sophisticated. And the last minute I changed my mind."

"You look sophisticated?" said Ted. "No not that. I'm just a little tired of sophistication, to tell you the truth."

No use playing a game, thought Jane, and she looked straight at him.

"What did you want to tell me, Ted?"

She watched him put the fork down carefully, frown, sip the water, wipe his lips with the napkin, toy with the cigarette lighter, take a cigarette, light it, inhale deeply and exhale the smoke into the air. Then he started to speak.

"Look," he said. "When you walked in here tonight and I saw you looked the same, the same way you've looked all the years I've known you, I think it woke me up. It made me realise how much there is to you and how little there is to . . . if you'd looked different perhaps I wouldn't have felt that and then I would have . . . I've been an awful fool, Jane—just an awful fool."

His hand moved swiftly to take hers and his fingers gently caressed her wedding ring worn smooth by a thousand domestic chores.

"Oh, darling," said Jane, her voice trembling delicately between laughter and tears. "You look so terribly serious."

"And I am," said Ted, looking deep into her eyes.

They said a lot of wonderful things to each other, nonsensical things, sweet things, and he never hinted again at the other woman and she would let him think, forever, if he wanted to, that she had known nothing.

Jane trembled a little when she thought of the clever person she had outwitted and how she had nearly made a mistake. If she had tried to compete, that would have been fatal—she could not compete with that woman on that level—that was what the woman had known and wanted.

And Jane knew now who had written the note—and why she had written it.

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Exclusive 'BIG SISTER'

Christmas Icing

by *Janet Blain*



3 lbs. pure icing sugar
3 ozs. liquid glucose
2 egg whites

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
red and green food colouring

Reserve half of one egg white. Drop balance (unbeaten) into middle of sifted icing sugar in bowl. Add melted glucose, lemon juice and vanilla. Work sugar in from the sides until a smooth, stiff paste is formed. Lift on to board dusted with sifted icing sugar. Knead like pastry until icing has absorbed sufficient sugar to hold its shape. Cut off a small portion for decoration. Roll balance to a 12" square, barely $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick with rolling pin coated with icing sugar. Brush cake with remaining egg white, lift icing on to cake. Mould and smooth over top and sides of cake with hands coated with icing sugar. Trim excess icing from bottom edges with sharp knife. Add dabs of green colouring to threequarters of portion saved for decoration, knead until evenly coloured. Roll to $\frac{1}{4}$ " thickness. Cut out Christmas trees as illustrated, using paper pattern and small sharp-pointed knife. Moisten trees underneath with egg white, press lightly on to cake. Colour balance of icing red and cut tubs for trees. Apply to cake in same way.

BUTTER ICING FOR PIPING

3 tablespoons soft butter icing made by creaming 1 level tablespoon butter with 1 cup sifted icing sugar and 1 or 2 teaspoons orange juice or sherry. Colour half the butter icing red, balance green. Use to pipe "Merry Christmas", edge decoration and lattice on sides.

Allow cake to stand for 24 hours
before cutting.

HOME BAKED IN THE OVENS OF LILLIS & CO. LIMITED, SYDNEY—MAKERS OF FRUIT MIX, COCKTAIL CHERRIES, CHUTNEY

The jacket ensemble



A DRESS with its own jacket adds up to smart fashion sense to wear now and right through to next autumn. The jacket matches the dress it accompanies or is decorated to relate closely to it in fabric and color.

WHITE COTTON, over-printed in black, allied with black velvet makes the dramatic evening ensemble (left).



THE CHIC LOOK of charcoal-grey and white (above) shown in a casual dress and short-sleeved sweater - cardigan. Circling the waist is a narrow black patent leather belt.



UNUSUAL marble-printed silk in black, grey, and white is chosen for the bouffant-skirted dress (left). A matching close-fitting bolero jacket completes the feminine ensemble.

ELEGANT is the ensemble (right) in a beige- and -white print. The slim skirt is tied to the left side in a sumptuous bow. The short jacket in beige is trimmed and lined with the dress fabric.



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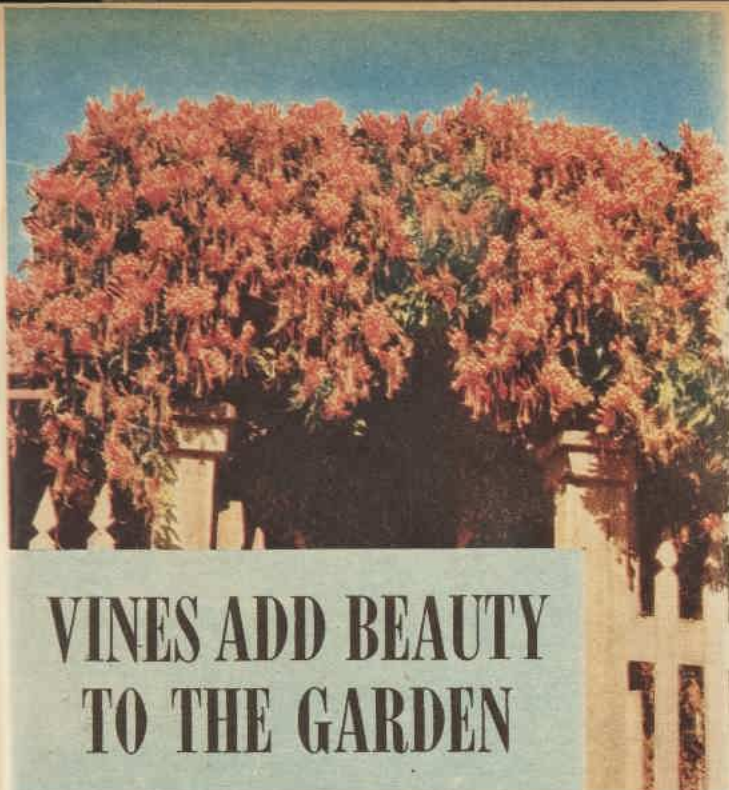
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C.S.I

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 11, 1953



VINES ADD BEAUTY TO THE GARDEN

Because of Australia's widely differing climatic conditions it is possible to grow almost every known climber, and tropical as well as temperate zone varieties flourish.

FAILURES are usually the result of planting exotic, delicate species in districts subject to frost and cold winds, or to unsuitable soil or aspect. The gardener, when uncertain of a vine's requirements, should consult a reputable nurseryman.

Climbers are divided into two main classes, annual and perennial, and are referred to as hardy or woody, or soft and succulent. Most annual vines grow in any good garden soil that has been dug deeply and is well drained.

All types need thorough preparation of the soil, plentiful manuring, and copious watering in the early stages. Annuals should be watered regularly, because they are mostly soft and sappy. Perennials, once established, are of deep-rooting habits and stand up well to dry periods. The slower-growing types are invariably the most beautiful and lasting.

Homes would be much brighter and more attractive if we used more climbing roses, more roamers and runabouts like wistaria, clematis, quiscalis, akebia, bignonia, coral climbers, virginian creepers, bougainvilleas, jasminum, beaumontia, stephanotis, solanum wendlandii, and soliya.

The objection so often raised to climbers on house walls is that they injure the walls or provide harborage for vermin and noxious insects. This could be largely overcome by providing the right sort of supports and by careful control of insect pests in the garden generally.

Most vines or climbers must have support, for very few are self-clinging.

Those that climb by stems twining round the support, such as soliya, wistaria, thunbergia gibsoni, need an open sort of support, but those that have tendrils and grasp the support, like sweet peas, everlasting sweet peas, or lathyrus, and grape, need wire or similar material for assistance. Those like virginian creeper, ficus, and ivy, which cling by means of roots or modified fruit stems, need brick or stone walls.

Many vines will grow with-

GARDENING

out support. When grown in this manner they lose their vine characteristics and become shrub-like in form.

Wistaria is an example, also the grape, and many others. They are pruned back to a single stem each year into what is known as standards, and are often trained to produce their blossoms in pendulous or weeping laterals.

In general, climbers are not fussy about soil. They are particular about position, and few of them do any good, or flower well, if they are planted on the shady side of the garden.

The gardener should bear in mind when planting robust climbers that they have very vigorous roots that will starve anything else planted close by unless it is given special feeding. Varieties in this class are bougainvilleas, any of the bignonias, clematis, aristolochia, cobaea scandens, passifloras, wistarias, and both akebia and solandra.

Most climbers need pruning each year. This job requires skill and patience.

The old, dead, or exhausted wood should be removed and

the plant cut back to the good buds, from which, in the case of deciduous climbers, most of the flowering wood springs. This applies particularly to roses, wistaria, clematis, and honeysuckle. The same principles apply to most flowering vines as to fruit trees, and it should be remembered that pruning is largely done to guide future growth and to promote the production of flowers.

For Melbourne, tablelands, and mountains, the following could be chosen: Ampelopsis Henryana (variegated virginian creeper), Ampelopsis Lowii (small growing type suitable for baskets or low walls), and any of the clematis family.

Others suitable for temperate climates are: Dolichos (rather weedy), cobaea scandens (cup-and-saucer vine), hardenbergia monophylla (false sarsaparilla), hederia (ivy), humulus lupulus (English hops).

For the warmer parts of Australia, such as Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, and farther north, a selection should be made from the following: Akebia quinata (Japanese bell climber), ampelopsis (all kinds), antigonon leptopus (coral climber), aristolochia elegans (Dutchman's pipe), baubinia scandens, beaumontia, and all the bignonias.

Of fragrant climbers the best for the warm districts are honeysuckle, stephanotis, solanum wendlandii, sweet peas, everlasting sweet peas, roses, hoya (wax plant that needs shade), jasmine, and rhynchospermum jasminoides. Rhynchospermum jasminoides has star-shaped white, very fragrant blooms, and good shiny green foliage.

BIGNONIA VENUSTA. This colorful creeper was snapped at Bellingen, New South Wales.

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(4338)

Continuing . . . A Simple Act of Justice

from page 5

been handed the job of preparing the tentative list of guests for G.G.'s okay."

"You mean G.G. is going to okay the list in person?"

The astonishment in the voice of Mr. Terence Work brought back to Hazen his uneasy thoughts at the breakfast table about G.G. and the attributes of divinity.

"I don't know that, either," Hazen said. "All I know is that I've been ordered to have the list on Dave Trumbull's desk by three o'clock."

"That jerk," said Mr. Work, employing the word by which G.G.'s right-hand man—known officially as Chairman of the Editor-in-Chief's Board of Executive Assistants—was identified unofficially throughout the Universe, Inc., organisation.

"If Dave Trumbull is bawling this deal, it means there are only fifteen seats left for all the rest of us. He'll snag one for himself."

"I guess it does mean that," Hazen said unhappily. "Well, Terry, I've got to run."

"If I have to go home to my wife and four children tonight and tell them I didn't have dinner in The Swindon Club," Mr. Terence Work said grimly, "I'd suggest you keep right on running."

Hazen tried to adopt the suggestion at once, but he was not fleet enough. Besides, the Executive Elevator Service, which G.G. had designed himself to facilitate the movement of top personnel through the nerve centre of his huge organisation, was scarcely ideal for the Assistant Senior Executive Managing Editor, if he wanted to escape detection by his fellow executives.

Between the time he left Mr. Terence Work in the lobby and the time he reached his own office on the thirty-ninth floor of The Echelon A Wing, Hazen was stopped six times. None of these interruptions was particularly pleasant. All were revealing.

Hazen had never before realised how similar could be the thoughts and words of half a dozen people who were in other respects—such as age, personal

appearance, and earning capacity—widely different.

The Chief of European Correspondents, the Director of Western Hemisphere Circulation, the Associate Chief of Visual Research, the Executive Director of Art and Layout, the Chairman of the Board of Senior Reporters, and the Chief of Staff of Distributing Editors—all wanted to know the same thing; all requested the information in precisely the same way; and all reacted to Hazen's inconclusive reply in the manner that had distinguished Hazen's encounter with Mr. Terence Work in the lobby.

"Thank heaven you finally got here," Hazen's secretary said, when he came into his office. "I thought you'd missed your train. I've been—" Miss Maitland's crisp voice ground to a halt. She stared at Hazen in astonishment. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Locking this door," Hazen said. He dropped the key on Miss Maitland's desk, went to the window, opened it wide, and drew a deep breath.

"And if you let anybody in here before three o'clock I'm going to jump," Hazen said. "It's up to you. Do you want my blood on your hands?"

"No, but I do want some advice on what to do about these things," Miss Maitland held up a thick batch of message slips and nodded to the phone.

"I got in at a quarter to nine, and that thing hasn't stopped buzzing once since I took off my hat."

As though anxious to prove the truth of her statement, that thing started to buzz. Miss Maitland picked up the receiver. "Mr. Hazen's office," she said. "Miss Maitland speaking."

"Has Mr. Hazen come in yet?"

The voice from the telephone sounded anxious. Miss Maitland looked across the room at Hazen. He shook his head violently.

"No, I'm sorry," Miss Maitland said. "Who is this, please?"

"Henry Hooper, down in Junior Writers," the anxious voice said. "I wondered if you'd

ask Mr. Hazen to ring me as soon as he gets in?"

"There's no need for you to wonder," Miss Maitland said briskly. "I told you, when you called before, that I would have Mr. Hazen do precisely that."

"I'm sorry." A touch of apology worked its way into the anxious voice. "But it's rather important, you see, and I want to know—"

"I know it's important, and I know what you want," Miss Maitland said. "I'll ask Mr. Hazen to call you as soon as he gets in."

She put down the receiver. "What does he want?"

Hazen said.

"What do you think everybody in this building wants to-day?" Miss Maitland asked.

"One of those sixteen seats in the private dining-room of The Swindon Club tonight. So do I. The only difference between me and a junior writer, however, is that I know my place, as well as the simple arithmetic of the laws of probability."

Miss Maitland held up the batch of message slips. "Now, Mr. Hazen," she said firmly. "It's not my place to give you advice, and if I'm overstepping the boundaries of the traditional relationship between a devoted secretary and her boss, you just shut me up. But it seems to me that Mr. Dave Trumbull, that jerk, has saddled you with an absolutely impossible assignment."

"You simply cannot squeeze two hundred and eighty-six people into sixteen chairs, and if you don't ring that jerk this minute and tell him so, I am going to beat you to that window."

"All right," Hazen said. "Get him for me."

Miss Maitland attacked the telephone. A voice of overpowering distinction erupted into the room.

"Mr. Trumbull's office," the voice said. "Miss St. George speaking."

"Mr. Hazen calling Mr. Trumbull," Miss Maitland said through a grimace. "Put him on, please."

"I'm sorry," the voice of distinction purred. "Mr. Trumbull is on Mr. Grange's private plane, flying out to meet the Queen Elizabeth at Ambrose Lighthouse. Is there anything I can do for Mr. Hazen?"

"Don't you dare say it," Hazen hissed fiercely to his secretary. "Just ask her when Trumbull will be back."

"At three o'clock," the voice of distinction replied coolly. "And Mr. Trumbull will be expecting you in his office at that time with your list, Mr. Hazen."

The phone went dead. Miss Maitland, whose face indicated clearly that it would not have dismayed her to learn that the same fate had overtaken Miss St. George, replaced the receiver.

"Well?" she said. "Now what?"

"Call the drugstore and tell them to send up a bottle of aspirin at once, and lunch for two at noon," Hazen said. "Neither of us is stirring from this room until three o'clock."

Neither of them did, though the temptation to escape became almost irresistible. By eleven o'clock the constant ringing of the telephone had given Hazen the impression that he was trapped in an alarm-clock testing department.

At noon, when someone hammered on the door and announced that he was from the drugstore, Hazen snood behind Miss Maitland—who opened the door no more than an inch—ready to help her slam it shut if the speaker proved to be lying.

That simple ruse had occurred to the Vice-chairman of the Picture Bureau at eleven-thirty, and it had taken Hazen and Miss Maitland ten minutes to get the alternately irate and pleading executive out of the room.

"Okay, let him in," Hazen said, peering across Miss Maitland's shoulder. "This one is carrying a tray."

Hazen stepped back. Miss Maitland pulled the door wide open. The young man stepped in quickly. Miss Maitland slammed the door and immediately turned the key in the

To page 63



Are you in the know?

When he admires your dress, do you say . . .

- ☐ Really, this old sock?
☐ Are you kidding? ☐ Thank you?

Some girls imagine they must shrug off a compliment. Such tactics embarrass a fellow. When he tosses a bouquet your way—catch it. Sweetly say "Thank you". Giving out with the right answers is a mark of poise. And there's another answer that makes sure of poise on "calendar days". That's Kotex. Kotex is thicker, where it matters—wonderfully absorbent, with an exclusive moisture-proof panel embedded deep in the centre. There's no wrong side to wear Kotex. Either side gives you protection and security—greater than any you've had with other products.

De Luxe (Mauve), pins or fasteners, 3/6
Featherweight (Blue), with fasteners, 1/9
Wonderform (Pink), pins or fasteners, 3/2



If your make-up melts you should try . . .

- ☐ A cold splash? ☐ The scrubbed and shiny look?
☐ Patchwork?

How to save face on humid evenings? First, before the shindig, use an astringent lotion (fresh from the ice box)—for a drying effect. Next, apply sponge cake make-up base, sparingly, and splash on cold water to "set it". Blot, then pat on the powder. You can save yourself many an anxious moment, too, when you choose Kotex. It's the napkin that tapers to a flat-pressed end—no sudden ridges or bulges to show through clingiest frocks or tightest jeans.

What is this . . . ☐ A reminder? ☐ A good idea? ☐ A Kotex belt dispenser?



Right on all three counts. You'll find this pretty belt dispenser right on the counter wherever you buy Kotex. It reminds you that you need a Kotex belt to give you complete Kotex comfort, and it's a timely reminder. (Haven't you been putting off buying a new belt, just because it slipped your mind?)

This month you don't even have to ask. Take out the belt you prefer and hand it across to the assistant. Buy two, and keep one at work—just in case. There are three kinds to choose from.

What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?

- ☐ Colourless nail polish? ☐ Ammonia and water?
☐ Elbow grease?

Those new bracelet earrings—or any favourite pieces of costume jewellery will shine indefinitely if you treat them to a thin coating of colourless nail polish. It's a safeguard against tarnish. Just as those feather-soft Kotex edges are a safeguard against chafes at times when you really need comfort. That wider Kotex napkin really stays soft, can't pack hard or go stringy.



2/11 everywhere

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

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The first dab of Sloan's Liniment, with its comforting tingle, almost instantly relieves the pain of muscular strains or sprains. Keep it always handy, as a guard against pain of bruises, aching stiff joints and rheumatic pains. Just pat it on—no rubbing.

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LINIMENT 2/9**
AT ALL CHEMISTS



15 hairsets for 3/6

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Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated **Curlypet**—squeeze **Curlypet** into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated **Curlypet** for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

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THE GREAT NERVE TONIC
ANOTHER LADY AT
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WRITES:

"I am taking Fisher's Phospherine and now I can sleep without the awful nervous twitching. A tour stomach had made me a bundle of nerves."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 11, 1953

Continuing . . .

A Simple Act of Justice

from page 62

lock. The young man smiled nervously.

"It's all right, son," Hazen said. "We're having a little trouble up here today. Put it right there, please."

"Yes, sir," the young man said. He set the tray on Hazen's desk, and when Hazen held out some money, the young man shook his head politely.

"It's all paid for, sir," he said.

He plunged his hand deep into the folds of his rumpled tweed jacket and drew out a small batch of folded papers. "I wonder if I might ask you to do me a favor, sir?"

Hazen stared hard at the young man, and then turned to look quickly at Miss Maitland. She seemed to be equally puzzled.

"Look here," Hazen said sharply. "It seems to me I've seen you somewhere before, haven't I?"

"It's possible, sir," the young man said. "I'm Hooper, down in Junior Writers."

"I told you Mr. Hazen was not in," Miss Maitland snapped. "I told you five times."

"Yes, ma'am, I know you did," the young man said. "That's why I thought I'd better stop telephoning and take some direct action." He smiled nervously.

"I came up here to the Echelon A Wing and waited outside the door until I saw the boy from the drugstore come along with his tray. You see, I figured you'd have to be sending out for nourishment, and I rather imagined it wouldn't make any difference to the boy if he was paid and tipped by me instead of by you."

The nervous smile wavered a trifle as Miss Maitland began to close in. The young man backed away. "I was right, you see, and I hope you don't mind."

"You may have been right, but your hopes are vain," Miss Maitland rapped out. "Mr. Hazen does mind, and if you think, with two hundred and eighty-six Upper Echelon, Category A executives screaming their heads off for those sixteen seats, a squirt from down in Junior Writers has a prayer, then you're not half bright enough ever to work your way up out of that dungeon into the heady air of the Senior Writers' Wing. Now, you just turn around, Mr. Hooper, and you march yourself back to—"

"Just a minute," Miss Maitland swung about. She stared at her boss. He was staring at the young man. "I'm sorry I didn't answer your calls," Hazen said quietly. "Things have been a trifle confused up here this morning. What did you want to see me about?"

"These papers, sir," the young man said. "They're Lord Edgeworth's personal notes, in his own handwriting, on how he wanted the condensation of 'The Ordeal of Freedom' to be made. They should have gone back to him along with the manuscript, but in the rush of getting out the last instalment, they were overlooked."

"I only noticed them this morning, and I wondered, since you were going to be at the dinner in Lord Edgeworth's honor at The Swindon Club tonight, if you would mind giving them to him?"

"I'll be glad to," Hazen said, and then, as he took the packet of papers, he added, "Wouldn't you like to keep them? As a sort of souvenir?"

The astonishment on young Mr. Hooper's face, reflecting the impact of a completely new and astounding thought, was erased, as a sudden and violent blush took its place.

"I'd like nothing better, sir," he said. "But you see, sir, they belong to Lord Edgeworth." He stood there for a moment, hesitating awkwardly, and then he reached for the door.

"Thank you very much," young Mr. Hooper said. "This is a great relief to me, sir. I've

been most anxious to get those notes to you all morning."

"You're quite welcome," Hazen said, and, as Miss Maitland opened the door cautiously, he added, "Isn't there anything else you wanted?"

Young Mr. Hooper, glancing back into the room across his shoulder, looked puzzled.

"Why, no, sir," he said. "I'm sorry to have barged in on you this way, and I hope you enjoy your lunch."

After she had turned the key on Mr. Hooper, Miss Maitland turned back to her boss.

"Well, I must say I seem to have been a little unfair to that kid," she said, as she went to the tray on the desk. "Although I don't see how anybody can blame me, with the way things have been going in this place today."

"You're not the only one who has been unfair," Hazen said thoughtfully. "And I don't think, if anybody starts assigning blame, they'll begin with you. What was that?"

"I said which would you prefer, Mr. Hazen?" Miss Maitland said. "The ham on rye, or would you like the liverwurst on white?"

"Whichever you think will rest easiest on an uncertain stomach," Hazen said. "I'm going to have enough to handle at three o'clock this afternoon without complicating matters by gastric disturbances."

At three o'clock, when Hazen came into the outer office of the Chairman of the Editor-in-Chief's Board of Executive Assistants, he wondered uneasily if Miss Maitland's confidence in the ham on rye, as opposed to the liverwurst on white, could be considered justified. Hazen's stomach was rumbling ominously.

"Go right in," Miss St. George said. "Mr. Trumbull is waiting for you, Mr. Hazen."

As a matter of fact, the chairman of the Editor-in-Chief's Board of Executive Assistants, resplendent in blue, pinstriped flannels, was standing in the open doorway behind Miss St. George.

"Come in, Hazen," Mr. Dave Trumbull said. "Come in." Hazen, who had never seen G.G.'s right-hand man in such an affable mood, went in.

Mr. Trumbull closed the door and, lathering his hands vigorously with invisible soap and water, he said, "This is a great day for Universe, Hazen. When G.G. and I took Lord Edgeworth off the Elizabeth, the old boy was in fine form. He wanted to start at once on a sight-seeing tour of the city. G.G. practically had to use force to spirit him away for a few hours of rest before tonight's dinner."

"A great man, Hazen, a truly great man. It's an honor and a privilege to have been associated with him in this venture, and I don't think anybody who will be dining with His Lordship tonight at The Swindon Club will ever forget it."

"Neither will the members of Upper Echelon, Category A who won't be dining with His Lordship," Hazen said. He drew from his pocket the slip of paper that had been troubling him for twelve days. "Making up this list has not been an easy job."

"That's why I sent G.G.'s memorandum through to you," Mr. Trumbull said, with an arch smile. "I knew it was no cinch, as assignments go, and I was curious to see how you'd lick it."

"If that's a compliment, Dave, I'm going to pretend I didn't hear it," Hazen said. "I've been through twelve days of torture."

"I can imagine," Mr. Trumbull said through a throaty chuckle. "How did you come out?"

"The easy way," Hazen said. "After trying all sorts of combinations, and setting up a dozen different weighted yardsticks, I finally settled, no more than ten minutes ago, for the top sixteen names on our Overall Control Memo heading."

With the discharge of one syllable Mr. Trumbull seemed to lose much of his affability. In fact, all at once Mr. Trumbull looked distinctly annoyed. Hazen, who did not think too highly of his own solution, nevertheless felt the stirrings of resentment.

If Mr. Dave Trumbull did not like that solution, why hadn't Mr. Dave Trumbull handled G.G.'s memorandum himself? Wasn't this precisely the sort of thing that, as G.G.'s right-hand man, Mr. Dave Trumbull was paid, and paid handsomely, to do? Having passed the distasteful buck to Hazen, whose duties as Assistant Senior Executive Managing Editor were taxing enough, the very least Mr. Dave Trumbull could do was be polite.

Mr. Dave Trumbull, reaching for the list Hazen was holding out, did not seem to be aware of the least he could do. Mr. Dave Trumbull took Hazen's list with an obvious gesture of displeasure.

"I wouldn't say your solution is precisely original," Mr. Trumbull said. "All I can say is that it seems, at first glance anyway, sensible enough."

"Maybe it is," Hazen said. "But I don't think it's even remotely fair."

Mr. Trumbull's glance, coming up from the slip of paper, reflected a mixture of surprise and irritation.

"You don't?" he said. "Why not?"

"It omits the one person who has a greater right than any of us to be in one of those chairs at The Swindon Club tonight."

"It does?" Mr. Trumbull asked. "And who is that?"

"Henry Hooper."

The name did not seem to strike any responsive chord in Mr. Dave Trumbull's mind, which was widely regarded by all of Upper Echelon, Category A as uncomfortably responsive.

"Who?" he asked coldly, "is Henry Hooper?"

"A youngster down in Junior Writers."

"G.G. does not entertain Junior Writers at The Swindon Club," Mr. Dave Trumbull said, even more coldly. "This dinner for Lord Edgeworth is limited to absolutely top executives. As one of those top executives, Hazen, you should know that."

"I know something else," Hazen said, and he wished he had not taken Miss Maitland's advice about the ham on rye. It was not considered wise, at Universe, Inc., to disagree with Mr. Dave Trumbull. It did not help matters, when you found yourself against your better judgment in that unhappy situation, to feel your stomach jumping about nervously.

Nevertheless, Hazen said, "In the cable that G.G. read aloud at our last Master Overall Executive Conference, Lord Edgeworth wrote, 'I asked the impossible, and you gave it to me in full measure. Please accept my heartiest congratulations, and convey my deep gratitude to your staff, on an impressive journalistic achievement.'"

Hazen paused to draw a deep breath. "We all did our part in that achievement," he said. "What we've all overlooked is the man who did the largest part; getting the spirit of the million words in 'The Ordeal of Freedom' into the sixty thousand words that caused Lord Edgeworth to send that cable. That job worked its way down

To page 64

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NOW, to the world's most effective whitening tooth paste has been added fresh, vital chlorophyll, Nature's own deodorant. Millions have proved for themselves that Macleans famous formula cleans teeth whiter. With chlorophyll added Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste makes, your mouth fresher, your breath sweeter, too.

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protection -
double
value

You get double protection—double value—from this green tooth paste that makes teeth whiter & makes breath sweeter.

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Macleans is still
on sale
Everywhere

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Tan in complete safety through rich, velvety
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cream • a man's cream.

Tin or tube—all chemists and stores.
"NIVEA" and "EUCERITE" are reg. trade marks.

Continuing . . .

A Simple Act of Justice

[from page 63]

to Henry Hooper in Junior
Writers, only because the job
licked everybody else who is
listed above him in the eight
inches of small type on our
Overall Control Memo, head-
ing.

"It seems to me that the least
Universe, Inc. can do is follow
Lord Edgeworth's cabled in-
structions conveying his deep
gratitude. Maybe you can think
of a better way to convey that
gratitude to Henry Hooper
than by inviting him to that
dinner tonight," Hazen said. "I
can't."

"Hooper will be suitably re-
warded at bonus time," Mr.
Dave Trumbull said. "It would
not be suitable to have him
present at tonight's dinner."

Hazen, who had never
thought of himself as a cru-
sader or even as a man of out-
standing courage, was not sur-
prised now to find himself
thinking uneasily about what
Nancy had called his severance
annuities and retirement pen-
sion. They represented eighteen
years of hard work, all he would
have to leave to his children.
What did surprise Hazen was to
find, taking shape clearly in his
mind, the very same words Mr.
Terence Work had uttered so
bitterly in the lobby that morn-
ing.

"It's a matter of simple de-
cency," Hazen said. "Henry
Hooper has earned the right to
one of those sixteen seats."

"I think you would be wise
to remember that G.G. is the
only one at Universe, Inc., who
decides matters like that," Mr.
Dave Trumbull said. "I might
add, purely unofficially, that in
these matters I speak for G.G."

Mr. Dave Trumbull paused to
look down at the slip of paper
in his hand. "You've said your-
self that making up this list
was extremely difficult," Mr.
Trumbull sounded more plea-
sant. The hint of a forgiving
smile played about his lips.

"I'm sure you can see as well
as I can, Hazen, that there's
absolutely no way, regardless of
your personal feelings on the
subject, to work a junior writer
in."

"There is one way," Hazen
said. "I feel sure G.G. would
agree."

"Are you?" Mr. Dave Trum-
bull asked. "What way is that?"

For a moment, thinking of the
last words Nancy had spoken to
him before he rushed for the
8.47, Hazen hesitated. Think-
ing back on it later, he was
glad the moment had been a
short one.

"I'd be willing to give up my
own seat at the dinner," Hazen
said, "so that Henry Hooper
can have it."

The moment of silence that
followed was far from short. In
fact, it was shockingly long. It
even seemed to Hazen that the
Chairman of the Editor-in-
Chief's Board of Executive As-
sistants seemed to be making a
deliberate effort, as he scowled
down at the list Hazen had pre-
pared, to stretch the moment
unbearably. Finally, Mr. Dave
Trumbull looked up at him.

"I'm afraid that's impossible,
too," he said quietly. "You
see, Hazen, G.G. and I have
been working on a list of our
own. We wanted yours merely
as a check on ourselves. Because
of the severe space limitation,
we've been forced to overlook
a number of people who would
ordinarily, and naturally, be in-
vited. I'm sorry to say that we
had not planned to include
you."

Hazen did not know precisely
how he spent the next five
hours. And that was most un-
usual.

He was not a vain man. Nor
was he a man who succumbed
easily to temper or panic.
Among the many volatile types

All characters in the serials
and short stories which
appear in The Australian
Women's Weekly are fictitious
and have no reference to any
living person.

in Upper Echelon, Category A
of the Universe, Inc., organisa-
tion. Hazen was known as a
solid citizen: a man of even
temperament, modest about his
accomplishments, responsible at
all times, refreshingly calm in
moments of stress.

But this was a completely un-
expected blow. Ordinarily, he
might not have assumed he
would be invited to the small
dinner for Lord Edgeworth.
The fact that he had been en-
trusted with making up the list
of tentative guests, however,
had made Hazen feel certain he
would be included.

There was nothing in his pre-
vious experience to guide him
now. Nevertheless, the habits
of a lifetime began to function
automatically, in spite of his
confusion, and helped see him
through. To some extent, any-
way.

Hazen remembered, as he
made his way back to his office
in the Echelon A Wing, telling
himself sternly that he must do
nothing rash, or draw hasty con-
clusions from what was, in so
large and frequently ruthless an
organisation, a fairly common-
place event.

The fact that he had not
been invited to Lord Edg-
worth's dinner may have been
a dirty trick, but it did not
necessarily mean he was going
to be fired.

Hazen remembered parrying
Miss Maitland's questions about
how the session with Mr. Dave
Trumbull, that jerk, had gone.

Hazen remembered resisting
the temptation to call Nancy
in Scarsdale. He remembered
leaving the office late in the
afternoon and starting to walk
downtown.

Hazen even remembered
pausing in front of the Public
Library on Forty-second Street
to consider the possibility of
calling, or even going to see,
G.G. at his town house on
Sixty-first Street.

Hazen remembered that he
discarded the possibility as a
waste of time almost as soon as
it occurred to him. You didn't
work for Universe, Inc., for
eighteen years without learning
something about its founder.

What Hazen did not remem-
ber was just when he went into
the bar on University Place, or
how long he had been there be-
fore his whirling thoughts be-
gan to settle down and take on
some sort of shape and meaning.

He was a temperate man,
and, even though he could tell
—from the bartender's inquiry
about whether he would have
another—that he must have
consumed at least two drinks,
Hazen did not feel drunk. On
the contrary.

For the first time since he
had walked out of Mr. Dave
Trumbull's office, Hazen felt
clear-headed. He knew what
he had to do.

Hazen glanced at the clock
over the bar. He compared it
with his watch. Both showed a
few minutes after eight. At this
moment, in the hushed atmos-
phere of The Swindon Club on
Park Avenue, G.G. and his
select circle, gathered in a sort
of guard of honor about Lord
Edgeworth, were probably
trooping reverently into the pri-
vate dining-room. Hazen could
imagine their emotions. He did
not have to imagine his own.
Neither mattered a bit.

All that mattered, the only
thing that was still important,
was the act of simple justice
Hazen had tried to perform at
three o'clock.

He had been prevented from
performing it. He might be fired
tomorrow, as a result of his
efforts to perform it. But at the
moment Hazen was still
Assistant Senior Executive Man-
aging Editor of Universe, Inc.

In spite of Mr. Dave Trum-
bull, even in spite of G.G. him-

To page 65



The hand that rocks the cradle

has many other duties to perform. But looking
after baby is very nearly a full-time job on its
own. That is why many young mothers (and
young grandmothers) simplify their household
accounts by having a cheque account with the
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Continuing

A Simple Act of Justice

from page 64

self, Hazen could still perform, in his official capacity, a small fragment of that act of simple justice.

Hazen left his glass on the bar, went across to the phone booth, and started to thumb the pages of the Manhattan directory. Henry Hooper lived on Grove Street.

Hazen had no trouble in finding the house. It was very much like the Greenwich Village houses in which he and Nancy had lived when Hazen was Henry Hooper's age, long before Hazen started to move up the complicated ladder of the Universe, Inc., hierarchy, long before he and Nancy had been able to afford the house in Scarsdale.

Like the houses in which he and Nancy had lived many years before, this one had the names of its tenants tacked on the wall of the vestibule.

And, like the houses in which Hazen and Nancy had lived, the bells under the names in this one did not seem to work. At any rate, after holding his finger for several minutes against the button under the card that read, "Hooper, 2nd Floor Rear," Hazen decided to forget the bell.

He pulled open the door and climbed the stairs. On the second floor he walked down to the rear of the hall and knocked on the door. He heard the scurrying of feet, and then the door opened. A dark-haired girl in a gingham apron stared out at him. She was holding a wooden spoon, and her cheeks were flushed.

"Good evening," Hazen said. "Does Henry Hooper live here?"

"Why, yes," the girl said, and Hazen noticed that she sounded breathless. "I'm Mrs. Hooper."

"I don't want to intrude," Hazen said. "But I wondered if I could see your husband for a moment? My name is Hazen."

"Of course," the girl said, and then her eyes, which were wonderfully wide and blue, seemed to grow wider.

"You mean the Mr. Hazen?" she gasped. "The Assistant Senior Executive Managing Editor?"

"Yes," Hazen said uncomfortably. "But I don't want to—"

The girl whirled around. "Henry!" she called, her voice high with excitement. "Henry, come quick!"

There was another rush of hurrying feet. Henry Hooper appeared behind his pretty little wife. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he, too, looked flushed.

"Henry," his wife said, backing away from the door in a flurry of confused nervousness and awe. "Look," she said. She gestured towards Hazen with the spoon. "Henry, look."

Henry Hooper looked. His flushed face grew darker red.

"Why, Mr. Hazen," he said, and he smiled as he began hurriedly to straighten his tie. "Won't you come in, sir?"

"Thanks, but I don't want to keep you," Hazen said. He tried not to look across the young man's shoulder into the crowded room.

Hazen had lived with Nancy in so many of these one-room, Greenwich Village apartments that he knew, with embarrassing accuracy, precisely what it meant to have an unexpected visitor drop in during the preparations for dinner.

"I must apologise for dropping in on you like this," Hazen said. "But there's something I felt I had to say to you, so I looked up your address in the phone book and came right over."

He hesitated again. Somewhere behind the two young Hoopers, beyond the range of Hazen's vision, he could hear the unmistakable sounds of another person doing something to the pots and pans on what was probably a ridiculously small stove.

Hazen had dropped in, not only during the preparations for dinner, but at a time when the Hoopers were entertaining.

"As the Assistant Senior Executive Managing Editor of the organisation by which we are both employed," Hazen said firmly, looking directly at Henry Hooper, keeping his glance away from the bustling dinner preparations proceeding noisily behind the young man and his wife, "I want you to know that any credit to which Universe, Inc., is entitled for its role in making journalistic history with the serialisation of Lord Edgeworth's 'The Ordeal of Freedom' is due directly and almost entirely to you."

Young Mr. Hooper gave his usual nervous smile. Young Mrs. Hooper, peering out from behind her husband, made a small, gurgling noise deep in her lovely throat. It was, unmistakably, a sound of pleasure.

"Why, Henry," she gasped. "He's—he's—why, he's sweet!"

"I am nothing of the sort,"

Hazen said, and he scowled hard because he could feel his face growing hot. "I am but another cog in a machine that I had always believed possessed more soul than its competitors and detractors attribute to it."

Hazen bowed awkwardly to the pretty girl with the spoon. "I want you to know, Mrs. Hooper, that you are married to an extraordinarily able young man," Hazen said.

"And if there were any justice in the strange world in which he and I both function, your husband would be occupying the ringside seat to which he is entitled in a moment of history. He would be dining right now with Lord Edgeworth."

The two young Hoopers stared at him and then looked at each other. Mrs. Hooper rose on her tiny toes. Her husband dipped down. They whispered together for a moment, and then they both turned back to Hazen.

"Thank you very much, sir," Henry Hooper said. His wife nudged him. "Mrs. Hooper and I were wondering—"

Henry Hooper said, "if, perhaps, sir, you would care to stay and have dinner with us?"

"You're very kind," Hazen said. "But I don't want to intrude."

"You wouldn't be intruding at all," young Mrs. Hooper said. "Everybody seems to be doing it tonight. I mean, we have one unexpected guest already. He looked us up in the phone book, the way you did, and he came over without warning."

She paused to take a deep breath, and then she smiled. "Really, we'd love to have you, Mr. Hazen," she said. "We're making spaghetti, and it's just as easy to feed four as three, and really, Mr. Hazen, you won't be intruding at all. Won't you join us? Please?"

Her breathless voice stopped. Young Mrs. Hooper turned. Her husband turned. A tall, burly figure, patched by a hopelessly inadequate apron and carrying a preposterously large ladle, had appeared from the part of the crowded room on to which the tiny kitchen opened.

The pugnacious, impressive, unmistakable face, known in every corner of the globe, was wreathed in a joyous smile.

"Look here, I've brought the water to a boil," said the indomitable voice, which—in the not-so-long-ago time of despair, when the forces of aggression were rolling forward unchecked—had first rallied a nation, then a continent, and finally a world.

"We're almost ready to toss in the spaghetti," the unforgettable voice said. "Tell the talkative chap in the doorway to stop standing about wasting time."

The talkative chap in the doorway, now mute with astonishment, began to understand, as he stared into the small, crowded room, what Mr. Dave Trumbull could not possibly have understood when he had used the words that afternoon.

For the first time in his life Hazen understood what was meant by the phrase, "a truly great man."

"Have the chap come in and lend a hand with that cork you couldn't get out," said Lord Edgeworth, and he waved the preposterous ladle in a gesture that engraved the scene for ever in Hazen's mind as a moment of history.

"The mood for proposing an extravagant toast to my new and charming friends is stealing over me," His Lordship said happily. "Let us not waste it!"

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then smiled wanly. "Please sit down," she said.

They both sat down. Mary nervously, Nicholas completely at ease. "One thing we won't talk about," he said, "is the weather. Did you have a nice weekend?"

Mary realised that she was tense in every muscle, as if braced against something. She made a mammoth effort to relax. "Not so bad," she said lightly. "The usual thing—a round of nightclubs, two hashish parties."

He laughed. "What a restful weekend!" He rose and walked over to the sofa where she was sitting. "Tell me about yourself," he said.

She began to talk almost hurriedly. From time to time he broke into the conversation. The room darkened and then lightened again; the storm gradually grew quieter. He asked her about her childhood, she found herself asking about his. They uncovered rich seams

of reminiscence that made them laugh a little, although it was gentle laughter.

As the minutes passed, a queer thing happened to Mary: it was as if something were drawing them closer all the time. She knew he felt it, too.

Even the silences enclosed them in a kind of intimacy; she would look up in the middle of a sentence and find his eyes very dark and gentle, holding hers in an intimate gaze.

Finally they both saw that a pale, watery sun was filtering through the windows. It was almost six o'clock. Nicholas glanced down at his watch and cried: "Good heavens! I'm late now for an appointment."

As she rose, an old memory stabbed through her. She could see herself, at seventeen, waiting for three hours in a chilly wind on the corner of Harry's road—hoping, praying for him

Continuing . . . Beware My Heart

[from page 10]

to appear because she hadn't heard from him for so long.

Then he had come, tall, very handsome, frowning a little. She had begun to walk towards him as if the meeting were completely accidental, but he had stopped only a few moments, after all, laughing and chatting about nothing, as if they had never meant anything to each other at all.

And then he had said: "I must go, Mary; I'm late now for an appointment." She had thought in sudden agony: With whom? What girl is he seeing now?

She and Nicholas were at the door; he was gazing down at her. She cleared her throat. "Thanks again," she said, "for coming down."

"Any time," He grinned. "I'm always available for thunderstorms." And then his face became serious. "May I see you one evening?"

Mary swallowed. "I—I don't know," she said. And an inward voice warned her, don't, don't, don't. If you don't begin anything now, you won't get hurt.

He seemed surprised. "Don't know? Why don't you know?"

"Well"—she drew in her breath—"I still have a lot to do here in the flat. I'm not really settled in yet."

He smiled. "Of course," he said. "I shall have to try later."

She went out with Hugh Edwards a few times and they were pleasant, peaceful evenings. Every time she looked at Hugh it seemed to her that he represented safety and security, but somehow she didn't feel very attracted to him. She began to wonder despairingly why she always seemed drawn most strongly to the very things that were worst for her—like

Nicholas. She couldn't get him out of her mind.

Sometimes on the stairs or in the hall of the house, Mary would run into Nicholas Reardon. They always chatted briefly: always the memory of the closeness they had shared during the thunderstorm would come back to her, making her heart twist a little.

She almost wished he had not been so nice then; it would make it easier now for her to turn away, as she always did, making some excuse.

One evening she was sitting in the little back garden when he came out and joined her. It was strange, to Mary, how everything changed in that one moment of his coming—from a state of rather sluggish peace to a high note of expectancy.

"Hallo," he said. He sat down beside her and took out his pipe and began packing it with tobacco. "I haven't seen much of you lately. How is everything?"

"Fine," she cleared her throat. "How about you?"

"I'm fine, thanks." He lighted a match and sucked the flame into his pipe; she could see his lowered eyes, the beautiful modelling of the mouth, the strong, taut line of his jaw. She looked away.

From upstairs came the high sound of a child's voice.

"That's Jeremy," Nicholas said. "I suppose he won't go to sleep."

Mary looked at him again. "Do you like children?"

"Yes, very much. Of course they're a terrific responsibility when they're your own. There's nothing like a few children to tie down a man."

"Or a wife," Mary said, looking down carefully at her lap. Then she looked up, smiling. "The whole thing is a dark conspiracy being plotted against

you all the time. You must have to be very careful."

He grinned and leaned back. "I wouldn't be a good bargain for a girl," he said. "I must admit I love my freedom." He took his pipe from his mouth, and his face changed. "Of course, one of these days my whole way of living will pall. I'll want to settle down sometime."

Mary made her voice light as she answered him. "You'd better be careful you're not caught off guard one day. Some girl might pour a love potion in your coffee."

He leaned towards her and his expression was serious. "You're a strange girl," he said. "You can be so flippant and self-assured, as you are now—and then sometimes you look scared to death. What are you scared of, Mary?"

For a moment Mary couldn't reply. Suppose she said, "I'm scared of you"? Suppose she told him that when it came to love she wasn't flippant and assured at all—that, instead, she was terribly vulnerable?

"Mary," he said softly, "you're so lovely."

She felt a pressure in her chest as she met his eyes. This was how it always started—with the whispered words, the wild lifting of the heart, the soft thrills. But it was the end that counted. The end that always had to be faced.

"I like so much to be with you," he was saying. "You're so different from the other girls I know. Mary. You have so much more to offer." He leaned forward. "When are we going to have that date?"

The words seemed to tremble on the warm, still air. For a moment Mary closed her eyes. It was as if she were standing on the very edge of a deep abyss.

She opened her eyes. "I'm

sorry," she said. "I can't plan anything at the moment. I'm having to work overtime at the office."

After that he was polite when they met, but that was all. Mary knew a queer sense of loss. Sometimes she looked at herself in the mirror and thought: Mary, you're a clever girl—you know only too well what you saved yourself. But it was cold comfort.

One evening she went to dinner with Miss Baines. Mary had been thinking about Nicholas all day; somehow she couldn't get him out of her mind. After dinner, in the rose-and-grey drawing-room, she leaned forward impulsively.

"Miss Baines," she said, "have you ever been in love?"

Miss Baines smiled. "There was someone," she said. "When I was a girl, Henry Cotterell. Your grandfather would remember him."

Mary's face was eager. "What happened?"

"Nothing at all," Miss Baines said. "Henry came from a poor family; he was determined to be a schoolmaster. My father couldn't bear him. Said he'd cut me off without a penny if I married him."

Mary frowned slightly. "What was Henry like?"

"He was a fine young man. Very attractive, too. He loved me," Miss Baines smiled. "It would have been easy enough for me to love him. But I abided by my father's decision."

She shook her head. "I knew that it was a sensible one. Henry wanted a big family and he didn't earn very much. It would have been a terrible struggle, I suppose."

Mary stared. "I see," she said. "I never regretted the decision," Miss Baines said. "Henry married someone else and they had four children."

She shook her head. "I saw him

To page 67

FOR THE CHILDREN

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by TIM



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P.102/WWHP2

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 11, 1953

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Continuing . . . Beware My Heart

wife when she was only fifty. My dear, she looked almost as old as I do now."

Her pale blue eyes met her reflection in the mirror and she smiled with faint modesty. "Most people think I carry my years remarkably well, but the secret is simply a calm, well-ordered life."

Mary felt a choking sensation in her chest. Her eyes went round the room, resting on the old, beautifully cared for furniture and then returning to the old, beautifully cared for figure sitting opposite her. Miss Baines was truly well preserved. So was her heart. It was no wonder. It had never really been used.

Mary thought suddenly: How safe can you make your life? Sitting there, looking into Miss Baines' calm empty eyes, feeling the calm empty tranquillity of the room about her, she knew the answer: Too safe.

She stood up suddenly. "Please excuse me," she said. "But I've just remembered something very important I have to do."

As she stood outside on the pavement, she felt breathless, as if she had been released from some tight, narrow space and did not know what to do with her new-found freedom.

She went home. In her flat she wandered from room to room, and then she saw a small stuffed animal that she had bought a long time ago for Jeremy, the little boy upstairs. She picked it up and went up one flight to the flat above. Jeremy's mother answered her knock.

"Hallo!" she said with pleased surprise. "Do come in."

"I thought Jeremy might like this," Mary said.

And then she saw the little boy, fat-checked, dark-eyed, smiling at her. Her heart contracted. He was such a darling; and his parents were so charming. Why hadn't she called on them, and on old Mr. Hines, before this? Why had she been measuring everyone so carefully?

The little visit was filled with warmth and laughter. Afterwards Mary wandered out into the garden. She wondered, as she moved about in the warm darkness, why she still had this breathless feeling of release. She felt almost giddy with it.

She looked up to the third floor with only a faint hope. But Nicholas' light was on and his window was open. She stood motionless, scarcely daring to breathe, and then she picked up a pebble and weighed it in her hand.

She thought: You're walking

from page 66

right into this—whatever you get, you've asked for it. And then she thought of Miss Baines. She laughed softly and threw the pebble with all her strength.

It didn't go through the window, but it glanced off the pane on top. A moment later, Nicholas' head appeared; she could see him peering down, frowning.

"Hallo!" she called up. Her face was tilted towards him; her eyes were shining. "It's Mary. What are you doing?"

For a moment, he didn't answer. Then she could see his teeth flash in a smile. "Be down in a minute," he said.

It was no more than that before he was beside her in the darkness.

"Don't try a rock next time," he said. "You're right arm is too good."

"Left you mean," she said. "What are you doing at home this evening, anyway?" she asked.

"Reading." He hesitated and then shook his head. "I had a date and broke it," he told her. "Somehow I just didn't feel like it." With his hands bunched inside his pockets, he walked away a few steps. "Sometimes you get tired of everyone you know."

He turned. For a moment he didn't speak, but looked at her steadily. And then he said, "Perhaps it's because a strange thing has happened to me. There's a girl I can't get out of my mind."

Her breath came, light and quick: "Is there?" she whispered.

He took a step towards her. "I don't know her very well," he said. "She won't let me, for some reason." He moved slowly until he stood in front of her. "I wish she would. I have a feeling that—" But he didn't go on; he just stood there, very close, looking down into her eyes. And then he whispered, "Mary?"

She closed her eyes. Perhaps my heart will break, she thought; they'll have to put five stitches in it afterwards—but at least I'll be using it.

The she felt his arms around her, his mouth on hers. Something warm, exciting, and wonderful shot through her; it was as if she were flying upwards into space.

Was she going to land on a cloud or was she going to break her neck? She didn't know; she didn't care. But by the way it felt, she was landing on the cloud.

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Beauty in brief:

The finishing brush

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you are interested in following the minimum make-up trend which is fashionable this season, consider using a face-powder brush for best results.

THE brush is a moderately priced little beauty accessory that helps to give a light, smooth finish to your make-up.

It will not prevent make-up from thickening in hot weather if you wear a lot of cosmetics, but it imparts an attractive matt finish if you are using light lotion or cream and a dusting of face powder.

All you do is whisk the baby-fine bristles of the face-powder brush lightly over your face and throat in small, circular movements after make-up is complete.

Brush lightly upward from neck to hairline, paying special attention to crevices where powder is apt to thicken. Round the ear-lobes and nose, in the chin crease, and round the eyes are obvious spots.

Brush until all powder traces are toned down into a natural bloom.

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When you buy one lb. of Currants, Sultanas or Seeded Raisins from your grocer, you're actually getting the equivalent of four lbs. of fresh fruit, with only the unwanted moisture removed. Thus you receive a full measure of concentrated goodness for the family.

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healthy teeth.



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provides abundant,
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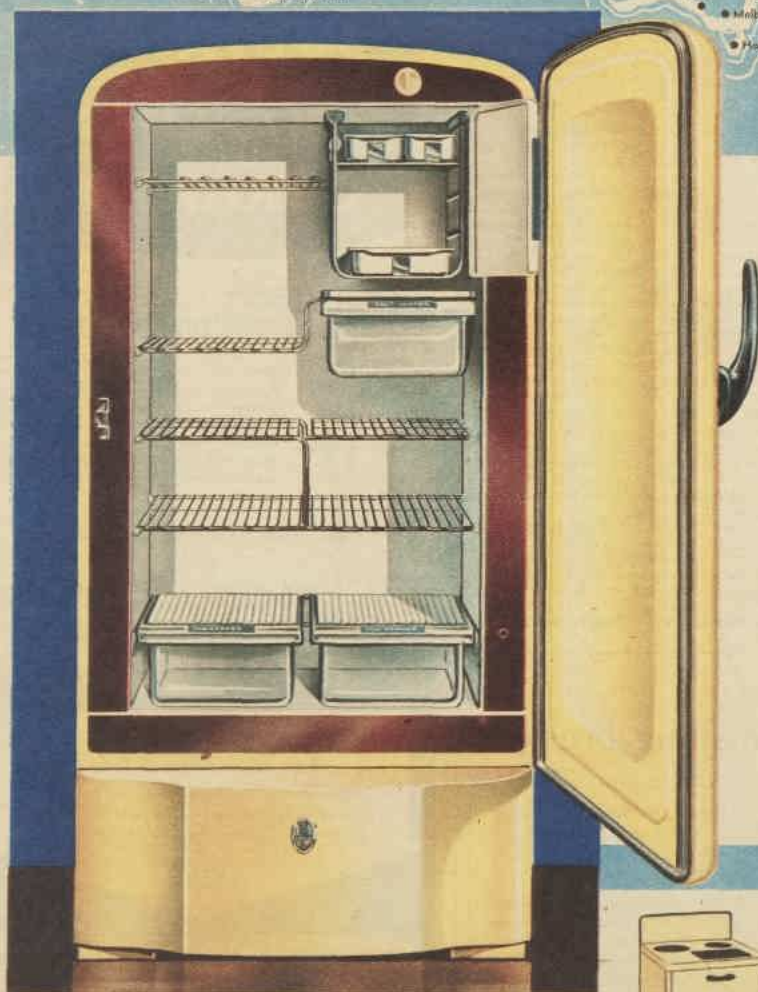
To THE A.D.F.A., 46 QUEEN STREET, MELBOURNE, C.I., VICTORIA
I enclose 3/6 stamp (to cover mailing costs). Please rush me a copy of your free cook-book as soon as it comes off the press.

NAME
STREET
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STATE
(ALL IN BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE)
(This special offer is good until December 31, 1953.)

THE AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

Right around the World!



RITEMP 76A REFRIGERATOR. INCOMPARABLE FEATURES: 5 years' guaranteed quiet-running sealed unit made with watchmaker's precision and floating in a life-time supply of electrical and sound-insulating oil—made by The English Electric Company. Exclusive ever-lasting spun-glass "spider-thread" insulation for lifetimes of constant cabinet temperature. Super-sensitive automatic thermal temperature control operating direct on food compartment. Wider-range freezing adjustment. Adjustable shelves for more convenient food storage. Sensible freezing locker does not rob from normal refrigeration space. Extra capacity (8 cu. ft., 14.6 sq. ft. shelf area) with less floor area. Two clear plastic Humidrowers plus Meatkeeper. 1 dessert and 2 ice cube trays. Permanent stainless gleaming cream or the new permanent white enamel exterior.



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Quality and Dependability

Built to the best standards of British design and craftsmanship, 'English Electric' manufactures are preferred throughout the world.

The only wholly imported set of matched domestic appliances available in Australia—Refrigerators, Washing Machines, Ranges, Plate Warmers, Food Mixers—'English Electric' RITEMP Domestic Appliances have every worthwhile development for greater convenience, economy and longer life with sheer beauty of appearance.

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RITEMP RANGE: Extra heavily coated in acid-proof and chip-resistant enamel, lustrous cream or the new permanent white. Exclusive RITEMP automatic temperature control anticipates peak heat—just set the oven control to required temperature and there's no over-heating. Perfect grill control. Exclusive heat distribution system means even, perfect cooking—simpler, more economical. Roomy oven cooks for 8. Convenient plate warming compartment. Sensitive simmer plate gives perfect adjustment, from gentle to active simmering or boiling at will.



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THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED [Incorporated in England] SYDNEY & NEWCASTLE, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE • PERTH: FLOWER, DAVIES & JOHNSON • HOBART: H. M. BAMFORD

Here's Good Nutrition

A good health diet includes
liver in the menu at least
once a week.

BY OUR
FOOD & COOKERY EXPERTS

LIVER is rich in flavor and food value, especially iron, which combats anaemia, and vitamin B, and is not expensive. It can be used to make a variety of savory and nutritious dishes.

If the family must be coaxed to eat liver, try a different recipe each week. The recipes given on this page are planned to help you do this.

Try a cold liver loaf or croquettes on warm days and a hot casserole or pie on cool days.

Liver croquettes can be served hot, but are just as good served cold, and will be popular for picnics or for lunch-boxes. The liver loaf is delicious hot or cold. Cut it thinly when cold and use as a sandwich filling.

All spoon measurements are level.

LIVER LOAF WITH BACON

Three cups soft breadcrumbs, 1½ lb. liver, 1½ cups evaporated milk, 1 egg, 2 slices onion, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 or 3 rashers bacon.

Wash liver, soak in warm salted water ½ hour. Dry lightly, mince finely with onion. Add to breadcrumbs and green pepper. Beat egg, add evaporated milk, salt and pepper. Stir into liver mixture, mixing well. Line base of greased loaf-tin with bacon rashers (rind removed), fill with liver mixture. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Cut into thick slices, serve with brown gravy. Garnish with parsley.

STUFFED OLIVES OF LIVER

One pound calf's liver, salt, pepper, 2 cups breadcrumbs, pinch herbs, 2 tablespoons finely chopped bacon, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water, 2 or 3 tomatoes.

Wash and soak liver, drain and dry. Cut into ½ in. slices. Sprinkle each slice with salt and pepper, cover with seasoning prepared by moistening breadcrumbs, herbs, bacon, and onion with egg-yolk and milk. Roll each slice and secure with coarse cotton. Brown in hot fat, turning to brown evenly. Add flour, brown lightly. Stir in water, salt, pepper, and skinned and chopped tomatoes. Continue stirring until boiling, cover, simmer 20 minutes. Remove threads from rolls, serve piping hot garnished with parsley. The tomato gravy may be sharpened if liked with lemon juice, vinegar, or wine to taste.

LIVER CREOLE

One pound lamb's fry or liver, seasoned flour, 2oz. chopped bacon (rind removed), 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 or 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 2 cups tomato juice, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper.

Wash and soak liver ½ hour. Drain, dry. Cut into ½ in. slices, coat with seasoned flour. Lightly fry bacon, remove, add bacon fat to pan. Add liver slices, brown lightly. Add onion, green pepper and celery, allow to brown lightly. Stir in remaining ingredients, cover, and simmer for 35 to 40 minutes. Correct seasoning if necessary, serve piping hot with Melba toast or tiny hot scones.

LIVER AND GREEN PEA CROQUETTES

Two cups chopped cooked liver, ½ cup cooked peas, ½ cup chopped cooked or tinned pineapple, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, ½ cup thick white sauce or thick brown gravy, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, egg-glazing, browned crumbs, fat for frying.

Combine liver, peas, pineapple, onion, sauce or gravy, soft breadcrumbs, parsley, salt and pepper. Allow to stand ½ hour. Shape into small croquettes, using a little flour for shaping. Coat lightly with flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss in browned crumbs. Deep-fry golden brown in fuming fat, drain on kitchen paper. Serve piping hot or allow to become cold and pack into picnic baskets or lunch-boxes.

DOUBLE-CRUST LIVER PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust or quick puff pastry, ½ lb. cooked lamb's liver, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 2oz. chopped cooked bacon or ham, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, ½ to 1 cup brown gravy, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Roll pastry thinly, use half to line 7 in. tart plate. Combine chopped liver, chopped hard-boiled eggs, bacon, onion, gravy, sauce, and parsley. Season to taste. Fill into prepared pastry case. Glaze edges, place remaining half of pastry on top. Trim edges, pinch and seal. Cut two slits in top, glaze and decorate with pastry leaves if liked. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat slightly, cook further 10 to 15 minutes. Serve very hot.

LIVER AND BACON IN POTATO NESTS

Two pounds potatoes, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon chopped parboiled red or green pepper, salt, pepper, 1 lamb's fry,



seasoned flour, 2 or 3 rashers streaky bacon, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup stock or water, ½ cup tomato juice.

Cook and mash potatoes, mix with onion, milk, parsley, parboiled red or green pepper, salt and pepper to taste. Shape into nests on greased trays, bake in hot oven until browned. Remove rind from bacon, chop roughly, heat in pan until fat is extracted. Cut liver (previously soaked ½ hour in salted water) into thin slices, coat with seasoned flour, cook in bacon fat 10 to 12 minutes, turning frequently. Remove from pan, chop roughly. Make gravy in pan with flour, stock or water, and tomato juice. Season to

taste, add liver and bacon. Fill into potato-nests. Serve hot, garnish with parsley.

LIVER AND MUSHROOMS

One lamb's fry, ½ lb. mushrooms, seasoned flour, fat for frying, 1 pint water, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, bacon rolls, tomato halves.

Wash liver, soak ½ hour in warm salted water. Dry well, cut into slices about ½ in. thick. Coat well with seasoned flour. Shallow fry in hot fat 5 minutes, turning once to brown. Add peeled and chopped mushrooms, fry gently further 5 minutes. Drain off all but 1 tablespoon fat. Stir in two tablespoons seasoned flour, cook 1 or 2

minutes. Add cold water, stir until boiling, simmer 4 or 5 minutes. Correct seasoning, add chopped parsley, serve with grilled bacon rolls and grilled tomato halves.

PIQUANT LIVER CASSEROLE

One lamb's fry, ½ lb. bacon rashers, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat, pinch herbs, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ cup finely chopped celery,

½ cup finely chopped carrot, 1½ cups stock or water.

Soak liver in warm salted water ½ hour. Drain, dry, cut into ½ in. slices. Roll in seasoned flour, fry lightly in hot fat. Arrange in casserole in layers with bacon rashers (rind removed), celery, and carrot. Lightly season each layer and sprinkle with onion and herbs. Add hot stock or water, lemon juice and sauce. Cover, cook in very moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours.

TOMATO SOUP with onion rings and green peas, baked tomato halves, onion, carrots, potatoes, and peas make a fine accompaniment for the appetising liver loaf with bacon pictured above.



THERE'S MANY A SLIP...

but none so cool, so fresh, so utterly comfortable as a slip made from 'Celanese' ACETATE Jersey... so opaque it may be worn under the sheerest frock. It actually glides with you as you move, feels smooth and creamy next your skin. Never runs, shrinks or stretches—washes and dries like a charm.

MAKE SURE YOU GET

'Celanese' JERSEY

A 'Celanese' ACETATE beauty fabric.



GINGER CRUNCH BISCUITS, one of this week's prizewinners, can be topped with a lime cream to make a delicious dinner sweet. Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ lime jelly in 1 cup hot water. When thickening, beat well, fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ tin whipped evaporated milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Pour on to biscuit. Allow to set. Decorate with grated chocolate and walnuts.

£5 for pineapple puff recipe

Pineapple puff, a simple, delicious family sweet, wins the first prize in our readers' cookery contest this week.

ALTHOUGH pineapple puff is meant to be served hot, it is also enjoyable eaten cold.

Consolation prizewinners are ginger crunch biscuits and Capri fish rolls. The biscuits are unusual and will be firm favorites with your friends. The biscuits do not require icing, as the topping is poured over the cooked biscuit pastry.

Capri fish rolls extend a small quantity of fish. The fish mixture is rolled in potato paste and baked with a sprinkling of crushed vermicelli.

All spoon measurements in our recipes refer to level spoons.

PINEAPPLE PUFF

Six sponge fingers or $\frac{1}{4}$ single layer sponge sandwich, 1 cup diced pineapple (cooked or tinned), 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons sherry.

Place sponge fingers in bottom of fireproof dish. Sprinkle with sherry, cover with pineapple, and allow juice to soak into cake. Mix egg-yolk well with sugar, fold into stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour over pineapple. Bake in slow oven until lightly browned, 30 to 35 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Miss P. Graham, 17 Brown's Rd., Gordon, N.S.W.

CAPRI FISH ROLLS

Eight ounces flaked fish (cooked or tinned), salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 3 tablespoons white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 medium-sized potatoes, 3 tablespoons flour, beaten egg for glazing, vermicelli, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Flake fish and mix with salt, pepper, cheese, sauce, onion, Worcestershire sauce, and parsley. Cook potatoes in usual way, mash and add flour, correct seasoning. Stir over heat until potato mixture forms a thick paste. Roll out on floured board. Cut into 2in. x 4in. squares. Place a dessertspoon of the fish mix-

ture on each square. Moisten edges and roll up. Brush with egg-glazing. Crush vermicelli, sprinkle over rolls. Place in baking-dish and bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Schneider, Coombabah, Pacific Highway, Qld.

GINGER CRUNCH BISCUITS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground ginger.

Topping: Four tablespoons icing sugar, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 3 teaspoons golden syrup.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add sifted dry ingredients, mix well until thoroughly absorbed. Press into greased slab-tin and bake in moderate oven until lightly browned, 15 to 20 minutes.

Topping: Place all ingredients in a saucepan, stir over gentle heat until butter is melted and ingredients well mixed. Pour over biscuit layer while both are still warm. Cut into fingers when cool.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Belcher, 19 Munro Ave., Ashburton, S.E. 11, Melbourne.

KITCHEN HINTS

FOR a cold luncheon dish try ham or devon sausage slices spread with softened cheese rolled around a gherkin or two stuffed olives. Chill, serve with crisp salad.

WHITE SAUCE flavored with curry powder or anchovy sauce and chopped parsley makes a pleasant change from egg sauce with smoked or salted fish.

HERE'S a tasty breakfast dish. Boil eggs 5 minutes only, plunge into cold water for 5 minutes. Carefully remove shells, as the yolks will still be quite soft. Chill overnight. Dip into onion-flavored batter, deep-fry until golden brown.



When Grandma was a girl she asked for **PHILIPS** lamps



PHILIPS

FOR

Light



NEW! SMOOTH! LEG BEAUTY

for you in 3 minutes

The quickest way to leg beauty this summer is Veet, the wonderful hair-removing cream. Veet gets rid of ugly hair painlessly and thoroughly. Just apply Veet, leave on for 3 minutes, then wash off. The result is velvety-soft skin—with a brown berry look to your sun tan. No trace of hair, no bristly stubble. So get VEET at chemists or stores. **Nylons need lovely legs.** Sheer stockings need smooth legs, free from every trace of hair. Use Veet and make sure your legs will always look their loveliest!

AN OLD HOUSE WITH MODERN FEATURES

Old houses have enduring charm and a distinction not always found in recently built homes, but without some concession to modernity they can be inconvenient and not very comfortable.

ALTHOUGH Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Watson's two-story home at Mosman, N.S.W., is old, it is not old-fashioned.

Built more than 50 years ago, the house, while retaining its distinctive character, has every modern convenience.

Overlooking Middle Harbor, the home has an ocean view through Sydney Heads. The exterior is painted white, with a trim of soft green and bright red. Old-style tessellated terraces, balustraded lawns, and pergolas are features of the grounds.

The interior has been painted and rejuvenated many times through the years, but the original layout has not been altered. The big, high-ceilinged rooms have a lively, ageless charm.

In the sitting-room on the ground floor, the high, old-style ceiling is painted in an unobtrusive cream. The walls are soft pastel pink, and the woodwork has been left in its original polished maple finish to give warmth to the room.



BALUSTRADED side-terrace garden shows the superb ocean view from Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Watson's home at Mosman, N.S.W. Small gardens, pergolas, and terraces opening off the living-rooms on the ground floor give an old-world charm to this fine house.



MAIN BEDROOM, which is furnished on tailored lines, has mulberry and soft tonings of mushroom as the main colors. Window drapes are multi-colored.



EXTERIOR shows the design of the home. Framed with lovely trees and shrubs, the house is painted white with soft green and bright red contrasts.



OCTAGONAL-SHAPED wall niche in the games-room houses a model ship. Novel recessed wall lights are in the outline of the Southern Cross.

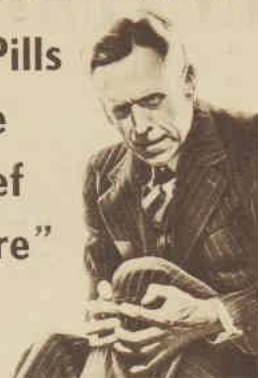


SITTING-ROOM which opens on a front terrace overlooking the harbor has a restful atmosphere. Simple window drapes give a view of the side garden.

Rheumatic Pains

De Witt's Pills

"give me
the relief
I so desire"



Back in 1937, after a prolonged spell of rheumatism, Mr. E. H. discovered "the only thing that gives me relief." Now he sends us grand news. De Witt's Pills have kept a firm check on his rheumatism for sixteen years. As all must agree, their value has been endorsed emphatically by time and experience.

HE SAID THEN in letter dated 27th July, 1937.

"I have been suffering from Rheumatism for the past eight years and my case was bad. . . . I find that De Witt's Pills is the only thing that gives me the relief I so desire."

—signed E. H., Moonee Ponds, Victoria.

HE SAYS NOW in letter dated 25th May, 1953.

"On any recurrence of Rheumatism I simply take one large bottle of De Witt's and the trouble is over. Since taking the Pills I honestly feel years younger."

—signed E. H., Moonee Ponds, Victoria.

(The originals of these letters can be seen at our Melbourne office).

Rheumatic pains are often a sign that your kidneys are sluggish and failing to expel waste and poisons from your system. De Witt's Pills are specially made to act on the kidneys, gently stimulating them back to their proper action. Within 24 hours of taking the first dose you will have visual evidence that De Witt's Pills are working directly on the kidneys, clearing away the impurities that are causing your pain. So turn to De Witt's Pills for relief. Get a bottle to-day from your chemist or storekeeper.

De Witt's
PILLS
For Kidney and
Bladder Troubles

7/- & 4/-

Our new transfer sheet

A new transfer sheet gives a wide variety of attractive and useful embroidery designs.

MOTIFS for use on articles of household linen are included, but the designs could also be used for embroidery on collars, apron pockets, and scarves.

When ordering this new transfer sheet please quote No. 185. Price of the transfer is 2/-.

Other transfer sheets available include:

No. 145.—**Down on the Farm:** This sheet includes most of the farmyard animals that children love. Pigs, ducks, kittens, roosters, a fleecy lamb, and a frisky calf are some of the amusing motifs for children's wear. Price of transfer, 2/-.

No. 143.—**Baby's Layette:** Delicate motifs that can be em-



IDEAS for using the wide assortment of designs and suggested colors for embroidery are on the envelope enclosing American Vogue transfer No. 185, which is available from our Needlework Department (address on page 73). Price of transfer, 2/-.

brodered on every type of baby garment are included on this sheet. In addition paper patterns for a baby's layette are available. The patterns include a dress, bonnet, bib, sunsuit, petticoat, and matinee jacket. Price of

transfer, 2/-.

No. 208.—Perennial Poppy: The lovely poppy motifs stamped on this sheet are artistically designed and carefully proportioned for household linens and curtains. The

smaller spray motifs on this sheet can be used for handkerchiefs. Price of transfer, 2/-.

Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department, with a postal note for the cost of the transfers required. See address on page 73.

Miss Precious Minutes



REINFORCE the handle and framework of a basket with a strip of leather. Oversew leather to fit the handle and use the width of the leather for encircling the basket.

MANY small holes in children's garments can be darned and then hidden by simple embroidery motifs.

OLD bar soap lasts much longer than fresh soft soap. Buy soap in advance, remove the wrappers so that the air can get at it and harden it while it is being stored.

IF ironing has to be postponed after clothes are dampened, wrap them in a towel and place in refrigerator. They will be safe from mildew for four or five days.



CLEAN COMBS with an old toothbrush. Add ammonia to the suds, then rinse.

CHOSEN GIFT OF FAMOUS PEOPLE EVERYWHERE!

new Parker "51" pen

...THE GIFT OF LASTING
USEFULNESS AND JOY!



WHATEVER the occasion—whoever is to receive your gift, you know that the Parker "51" Pen will bring pleasure through the years. Parker "51" owes its world-wide fame to tireless, perfect performance and timeless good design. Only this pen has the Aero-metric Ink

System which makes filling easy, writing effortless. Make your gift a Parker "51" Pen. Now at all good dealers.



For best results in this and all other pens, use Parker Quink with solv-x

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#35

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2822.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make American-style bathrobe. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. towelling. Special price, 2/-.

F2817.—One-piece daytime dress features waist and skirt contrast and a figure-moulding bodice-top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. printed material and ½ yd. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2818.—Smart stem-slim one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2819.—Shirt-frock style designed for the matron's figure. Sizes 36in. to 42in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2820.—Cool low-necked dress with a button-front fastening. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2821.—Prettily styled summer dressing-gown. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 642 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 466, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2819

F2820

F2821

F2817

F2818

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 546.—D'OYLEYS

Three attractively designed D'oyles obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on sheer Irish linen in white and cream and in pastel shades of blue, lemon, pink, and green. The mats are also obtainable in white organdie and in pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size, 5½ in. by 11½ in. Price: Linen 1/3 each, set of three 2/6, postage 4d. extra; organdie 1/- each, set of three 2/9, postage 4d. extra. Lace edge not supplied.

No. 547.—TABLE CENTRE

The mat is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider with a very pretty poppy design. The material and color choice include sheer Irish linen in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green, and British headcloth in white, cream, blue, lemon, and pink. Size 17½ in. by 24½ in. Price: linen 8/11, postage and registration 10d. extra; headcloth 5/11, postage and registration 6d. extra.

No. 548.—HALTER-TOP APRON

A practical "cover-up" apron obtainable cut out ready to make in zig-zag printed cotton dimity. The color choice includes red, blue, and green stripes printed on a white ground. Price, 10/9. Postage and registration, 10d. extra.

No. 549.—SUNFROCK

The easy-to-make frock is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is striped cotton haccord obtainable in red and white, pink and white, blue and white, green and white, and yellow and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust. 27/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/11. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post.

547

546

548

549

nylon underwear for men



Here's underwear with all the virtues of fine British nylon. Underwear that pleases equally the man who wears it (it's so light and comfortable), and the woman who washes it (so quickly and easily—and no ironing's needed!). What's more, it leads a long life without darning, and packs into no space at all.

Always look for the name **MORLEY**

MORLEY KNITWEAR, GLOVES AND STOCKINGS MADE IN ENGLAND BY I. & R. MORLEY LTD.

Trade enquiries to: C. J. Gerrard, 67, York Street, Sydney, H. T. Wastford, 232, Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

The one safe cleanser that GETS DIRT FAST!



AND, IT NEVER SCRATCHES

TWO HANDY FORMS, POWDER AND CAKE

NEVER ROUGHENS OR REDDENS HANDS

That's Bon Ami Cleanser—gets dirt, cuts grease, but never dulls the shiny surface of your sink, bath, refrigerator, pots and pans. Gives everything a super-shine as you clean—with much less work. Try it and see why millions of women won't use any other! Get Bon Ami Cleanser to-day!

The safe, speedy cleanser **BON AMI** "hasn't scratched yet!"

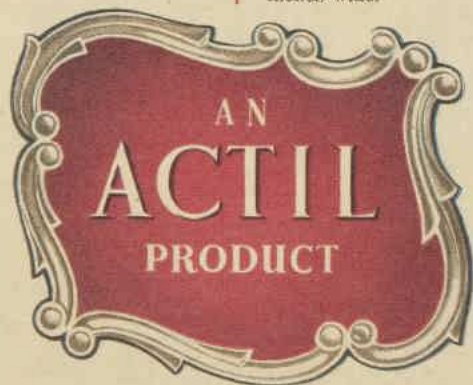


**'BETCHA MY SHIRT'S
TOUGHER THAN YOURS'**
it's made from...

FASCO
THE ALL PURPOSE FABRIC

**MADE STRONGER
TO WEAR LONGER**

FASCO wears better, looks better, is better! It's the loveliest, hardest-wearing fabric for play-frocks, sports shirts, slacks, tunics, etc., for young and old. Colourful, and colourfast, FASCO is 35-36 inches wide.



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Makers of ACTIL SHEETS (Linen Finish and Super Twill)
PILLOW CASES - TERRY NURSERY SQUARES

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED
ACTIL AVENUE, WOODVILLE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA: Are on holidays in the Caribbean. When a man in a locked, windowless room is shot, the police call on Mandrake to solve the mystery. After questioning the wounded man, Mandrake and Lothar set out to examine the room in which the shooting took place. Two criminals try to force their car off the road, but Lothar overpowers them. **NOW READ ON:**



WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL US? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF MR. DUKES?

WE DON'T KNOW NOthin' ABOUT NOthin'—I IF YOU WANNA STAY ALIVE, YOU BETTER GET OFF THIS ISLAND—FAST!



THAT'S THEIR STORY, MANDRAKE. CAN YOU THINK OF ANY MOTIVE THEY'D HAVE TO KILL YOU?

NO—NOT YET. LET THEM SO.

WE WASN'T TRYIN' TO PUSH HIM OFF NO ROAD. I LOST CONTROL OF THE CAR.



NO MOTIVE, UNLESS I CAN TIE THEM UP WITH THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF DUKES. THEY KNOW I'M WORKING ON THAT.

THEY'RE A COUPLE OF SMALL TIME GAMBLERS—TRYING TO GET CONTROL OF THE TRACK FROM DUKES.



THAT'S MOTIVE ENOUGH—IF WE COULD ONLY FIND THE GUN THAT SHOT DUKES. THE ANSWER IS IN THAT ROOM. I'M GOING TO REPEAT EXACTLY WHAT DUKES DID.

CAREFUL, MANDRAKE. YOU MIGHT WIND UP ON THE FLOOR, DEAD!



DUKES CAME INTO THE DARK ROOM—SHUT THE DOOR. IT LOCKED ITSELF. THEN—

I'M AFRAID—SOMETHING'LL HAPPEN—TO YOU—



A SHOT SUDDENLY RINGS OUT IN THE LOCKED ROOM!

—HE TURNED ON THE LIGHTS LIKE THIS, AND—OH!

BANG



THE SHOT MISSES MANDRAKE BY INCHES!

THE MURDER GUN IS IN THAT MOOSEHEAD—AND SHOTS THROUGH THE EYE! THE GUN IS ATTACHED BY A CONCEALED WIRE TO THE SWITCH—



OLD MR. DUKES LOCKED THE DOOR, THEN TOUCHED THE LIGHT SWITCH, THAT SET OFF THE GUN. I'VE GOT IT! WHO OWNS THE GUN, I THINK I KNOW—! ADDS MANDRAKE.

TO BE CONTINUED

The handiest thing
in cotton wool...

JOHNSON'S COTTON BALLS



The ideal size for
applying make-up



Dozens of other uses, too

- applying baby oil to tender young skin
- bathing baby's eyes
- applying antiseptic to cuts
- removing nail polish

Johnson's Cotton Balls are
the softest, whitest, most
absorbent surgical cotton
available.

NOW **1/9** PKT.
EVERYWHERE



THE MOST TRUSTED NAME
IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS
Johnson & Johnson
NEW YORK

AFTER SURF AND SUN
Restore softness and sheen, and pro-
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"BRONWYN." — A pretty, practical design for a waist-apron is obtainable ready to wear only in self-patterned Everglaze. Color choice includes white, pink, blue, and lemon. Price, 17/11. Postage, 10d. extra.

"BETTY." — An attractive halter-neck bib-apron designed with a self-material frilly trim is obtainable ready to wear only. The material is printed pique organdie in green and white, pale blue and white, and lemon and white. Price, 19/11. Postage, 10d. extra.

"REBECCA." — A slimming one-piece dress designed to flatter the matron's figure. The dress is obtainable in silk checked jersey. Color choice includes turquoise and white, blue and white, apple-green and white, brown and white, red and white, and navy and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 38in. and 40in. bust, 79/11; 42in. and 44in. bust, 84/6. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 38in. and 40in. bust, 59/9; 42in. and 44in. bust, 62/3. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 73. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

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